

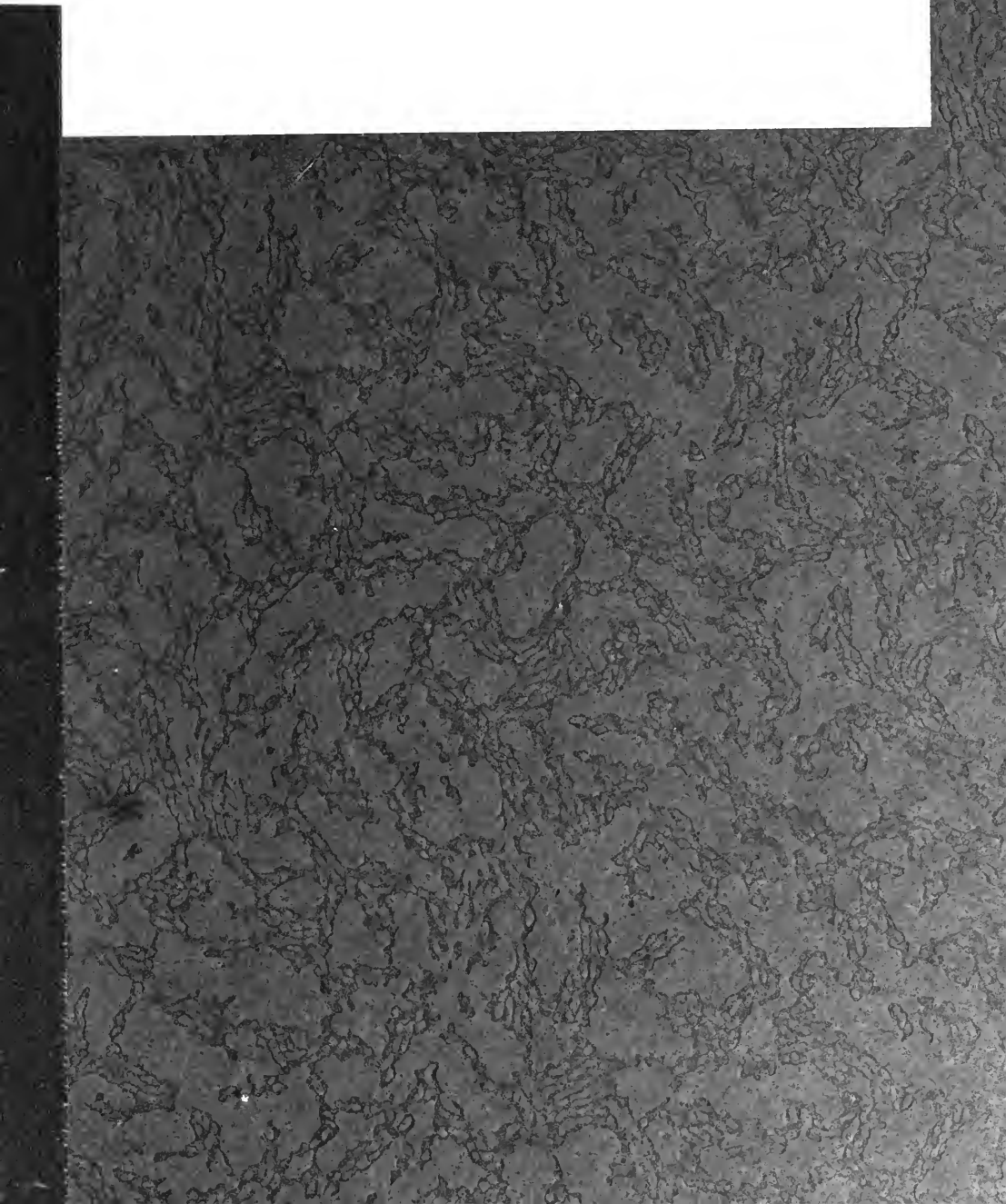


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RICE

GLORIOUS GATEWAY OF THE WEST



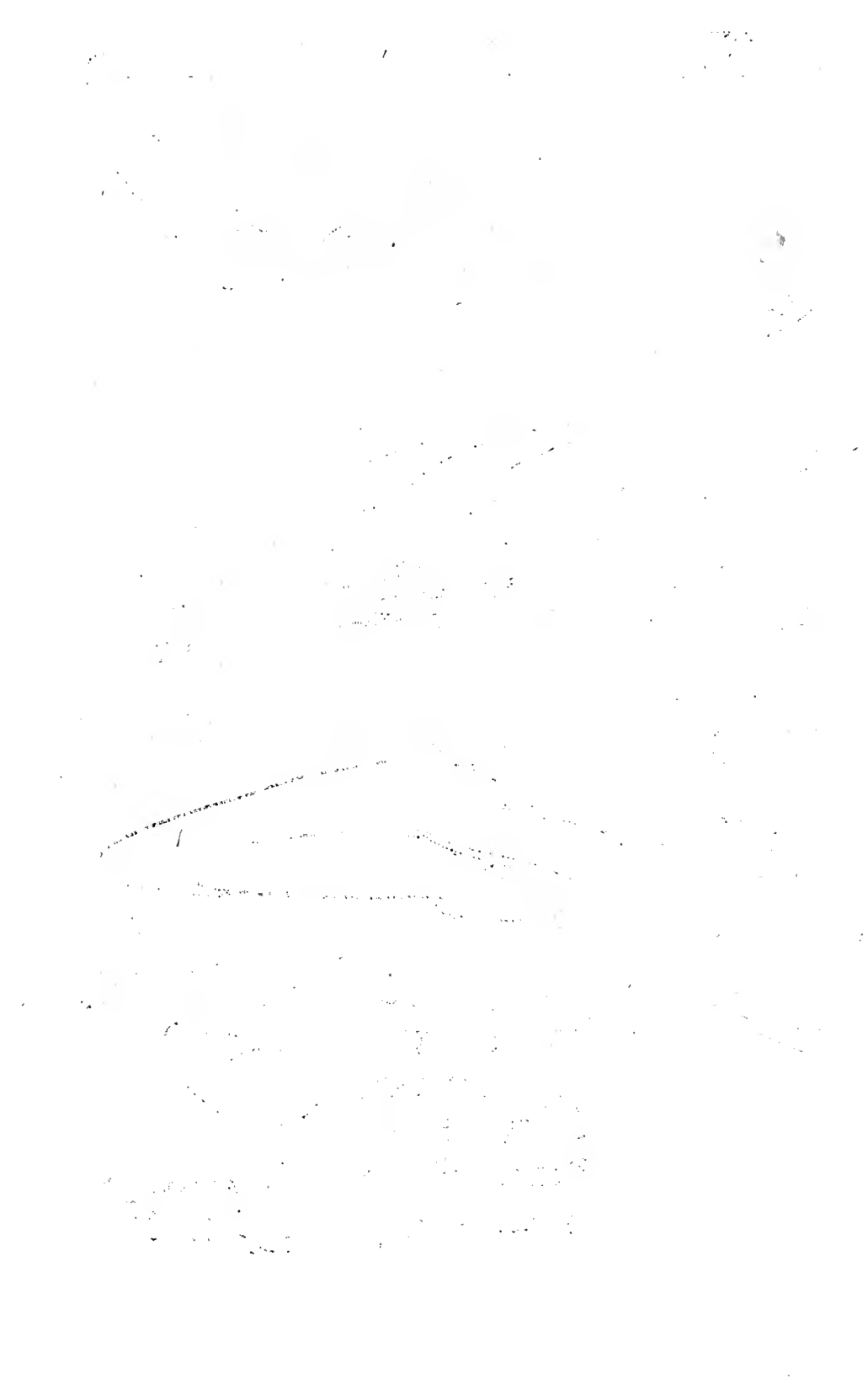


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The Glorious Gateway of the West



Historical Pageant
Indiana's
Centennial
Celebration
Fort Wayne, Indiana
June, 1916



¹
² Rice, Wallace

The Glorious Gateway of the West

An Historic Pageant of the Story of Fort Wayne

Commemorating the

One Hundredth Anniversary

of

Indiana's Admission

to the

Sisterhood of
States

Presented in June, 1916
at Reservoir Park by a Company of over
Eleven Hundred Citizens of
Fort Wayne

THE BOOK OF THE PAGEANT BY
WALLACE RICE AND KENNETH SAWYER GOODMAN
DIRECTED BY DONALD ROBERTSON

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Centennial Association.

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Foreword

In the year seventeen hundred and ninety-five, at the memorable Treaty of Greenville, Chief Little Turtle, wisest of the savages of all times, pleaded with General Wayne to permit the Indians to retain the ownership of the lands on which the City of Fort Wayne now stands. He called it "that glorious gateway through which have come all of the good words of our chiefs, from the North to the South, and from the East to the West."

Wayne, the pupil of Washington, under whose instructions he had established his fort at the head of the Maumee, and who shared with Washington the conviction that "the Miami village points to an important post for the Union," refused the earnest plea of the Red Man.

Today, through this "glorious gateway" of civilization pass with kindness and gentleness to the regions beyond the knowledge of men, the "good words" of the truest type of modern citizenship—inspiration, truth, service. These are made manifest in the Pageant. They are its very foundation.

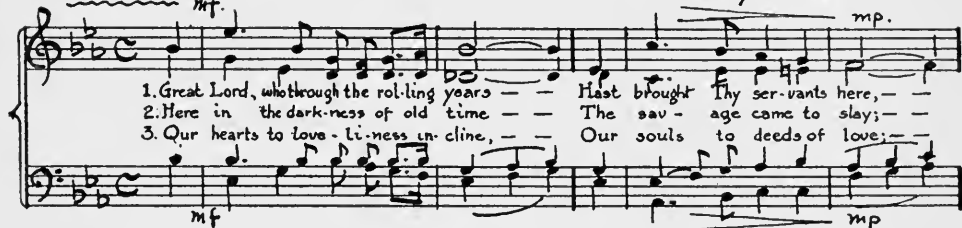
The play will pass away. Its spirit will remain to the end of time; for the work here done by willing hearts and hands, can never fade from the lives of those who see and those who do. And coming generations of men will feel the power of an unseen influence of the Centennial year of nineteen hundred and sixteen.

· FORT-WAYNE · · CENTENNIAL-HYMN ·

Music by D. Parsons Goodrich

Words by Wallace Rice

Maestoso. *mf.*



1. Great Lord, who through the rol-ling years — — Hast brought Thy ser-vants here, — —
2. Here in the dark-ness of old time — — The sav-age came to slay; — —
3. Our hearts to love-li-ness in-cline, — — Our souls to deeds of love; — —

mf. *mp.*



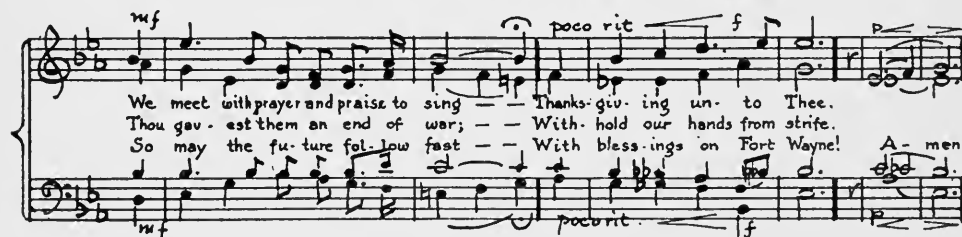
Re-moved from them their an-cient fears — — And grant-ed them this cheer, — —
How long and slow the up-ward climb — — To peace and this fair day! — —
Be-neath Thy sky may free-dom shine — — And just-ice from a-bove! — —

them their an-cient fears
slow the up-ward climb
sky may free-dom shine



Still guard us with Thy mighty wing — — While now in ju-bi-lee — —
Thou who didst lead our fathers far — — Guide Thou our dai-ly life; — —
As now the pre-sent from the past — — Hath gained Thy glo-ri-ous reign,

Still guard, still guard us with Thy might-y wing While now in ju-bi-lee
Thou who, Thou who didst lead our fathers far Guide Thou our dai-ly life;
As now, so now the pre-sent from the past Hath gained Thy glo-ri-ous reign,



We meet with prayer and praise to sing — — Thanks-giv-ing un-to Thee.
Thou gov-est them an end of war; — — With-hold our hands from strife.
So may the fu-ture fol-low fast — — With bless-ings on Fort Wayne! A-men

mf. *poco rit.* *f* *p*

Indiana Centennial Officials

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 GENERAL SECRETARY.....Maurice C. Niezer
 ASSISTANT SECRETARY.....R. B. Garmire
 GENERAL TREASURER.....Samuel Wolf

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 Van B. Perrine
 Byron Somers
 Frank E. Bohn
 M. H. Luecke

George M. Haffner
 Harry G. Hogan
 Charles Niebergall
 E. W. Puckett
 E. H. Merritt

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 M. H. Luecke
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COMMITTEES

PAGEANT

Frank E. Stouder, *Chairman*
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 Miss Madge Magee, *Assistant Secretary*

Miss Flora Wilber
 Mrs. A. J. Detzer
 Mrs. A. E. Fauve
 E. H. Merritt
 Chas. Muhler
 Julian Franke

Capt. Byroade
 Wm. Schwier
 Clayton H. Johnson
 Mrs. John Moring
 B. J. Griswold
 Ward Wilt

Prof. J. N. Study
 Chas. Weatherhogg
 Chas. N. Rundell
 Mrs. Crankshaw
 Prof. Wm. Miles
 W. H. W. Peltier

COMMITTEES—Continued.

ARRANGEMENT
E. W. Puckett, *Chairman*

ENTERTAINMENT OF VISITORS
B. Paul Mossman, *Chairman*

LEGAL
H. G. Hogan, *Chairman*

CONTEST
James Shields, *Chairman*

PUBLICITY
Martin Luecke, *Chairman*

ILLUMINATING AND DECORATING
J. B. Crankshaw, *Chairman*

PUBLIC SAFETY
Wm. Shambaugh, *Chairman*

PROGRAM, SOUVENIRS AND BUTTONS
Byron Somers, *Chairman*

TRANSPORTATION
Sol. K. Blair, *Chairman*

CONCESSION
Samuel Mulholland, *Chairman*

TICKET
Samuel Wolf, *Chairman*

COUNTY
E. G. Hoffman, *Chairman*

SPEAKERS
Samuel M. Foster, *Chairman*

MEN'S FINANCE
Louis Curdes, *Chairman*

MUNICIPAL
W. J. Hosey, *Chairman*

WOMEN'S FINANCE
Mrs. Fred McCulloch, *Chairman*

HOME COMING
Wm. Scheiman, *Chairman*

MUSIC
Ross Franklin, *Chairman*

MUSIC FOR PAGEANT
John L. Verweire, *Director*

PAGEANT MASTER.....	Donald Robertson
ASSISTANT.....	William Owen
STAGE MANAGER.....	David Fuller
MUSICAL DIRECTOR.....	John L. Verweire
PRESS REPRESENTATIVE.....	B. J. Griswold
SCENERY AND PROPERTIES.....	William Ersig
SEATING.....	T. Bart McHugh
STAGE CARPENTER.....	William Walters
PROPERTY MAN.....	Chris. Hahn
COSTUMES.....	Fritz Schoultz
LIGHTING.....	Chicago Stage Lighting Co.

Cast of Characters

THUNDERHEAD, a Prophet of the Miamis Donald Robertson

SCENE I

	<i>Principal</i>	<i>Understudy</i>
A-SAY'PON (<i>The Raccoon</i>), Sachem of the Miamis	E. H. Kilbourne	A. J. Brink
AT-CHEE'PONG (<i>The Snapping Turtle</i>), War-Chief of the Miamis	Walton H. Ingham	Leo Behler
MICHEL, a French Trader	F. B. Bradley	L. W. Duncan
AH-PAS'SYAH (<i>The Fawn</i>), Michel's Squaw	Ellen Doyle	Bess Banks
PHILLIPPE, a French Trader	W. J. Wilcox	R. Beuret
OH-SAY-MO-NEE, Phillippe's Squaw	Lucille Paxton	Irene Miller
CHANK-TUN (<i>Noise Maker</i>), an Indian Runner	William Mossman	H. Derek
WEE-PEE'CHAH (<i>The Flint</i>), an Indian Runner	Howard Benninghoff	Robert Richey
FATHER CLAUDE ALLOUEZ, Mis- sionary Priest, Society of Jesus	Maurice C. Niezer	W. J. McGarry
EDOUARD, a French Trapper	Otto Fuelber	Ed. Bruns
CHRISTOPHE, a French Trapper	Wayne Monahan	S. DeWald
CONVERTED INDIAN	E. P. Bennigen	Joe Barker
HOSTILE INDIAN	S. L. Burson	J. C. O'Rourke

INDIANS APPEARING IN SCENES I, II AND III

Henry Lamaster, Stephen DeWald, H. P. Beck, A. M. Romberg, J. C. O'Rourke, J. Doriot, Leo Buhler, Walter Berghoff, A. J. Schoenbein, Hubert Sudhoff, Virgil Roy, Alphonse Centlivre, Francis Propp, Emil Braun, C. J. Ueber, Patrick J. Cain, A. J. Neidhart, R. Barrett, C. M. Harkenrider, G. J. Sullivan, Alphonse Beuret, Harold Beuret, Ray Bueter, Amos L. Joekel, Clarence Getz, Donald Beck, Fred Fry, R. Beuret, Wm. Hays, E. DeWald, D. Haley, P. Foohey, J. DeWald, L. Kelly, A. J. Brink, M. C. Drennan, B. O'Rourke, F. Doriot, W. Nassenstein. Raymond Pierre, Eugene Doyle, Hugh Hart, John Brown, John Flemion, Geo. Telly, Russell Mullen, Joseph Trempel, Gerald Halstein, Carl Ankenbruck, Arnold Woehnker, Urban Arnold, Frank Schulte, Jerome Klingenberg, Erwin Zern, Elmer Grosch, Jesse Klingenger, Robert Bangert.

SQUAWS

Helen Trisch, Mrs. Lilie Shumaker, Margaret Welker, Marcelle Egge-
man, Rose Goldberger, Sarah Goldberger, Indra Bryant, W. Bicknell,
C. Underhill, Irene Giles, B. Starkel, Mrs. Lulu Hontheim, Helen Markey,
B. Neely, L. Kinley, E. Rayhouser, Genevieve Miller, Fanny Goldberger,
May Firestine, Irene Bowman, M. Clutter, M. Weaver, Mary Philley,
Bess Banks, Velma Ross, Lucy King, Irene Derck, Helen Peters, Mrs.
Otto Fuelber, Elsie Hyde, Gladys Johnston, Bessie Rowe, Irene Miller
Dorothy Swihart.



INDIAN CHILDREN

Ruth Gloss, D. Duck, C. Bralton, Edith Longsworth, Halfred Burson,
Dorothy Garmire, Mildred Fruechte, Beatrice Mills, Catherine Lott,
Martha Washburn, Thelma Washburn, Virginia Swihart, Ethel Mollett,
Merle Bishop, Raymond Merickel, Hubert Koehlinger, Joseph Druhot,
James Druhot, James Bradley, Ralph Greaney, John Hass, Michael
Zwieg, Carl Jerles, Abe Latker, Mike Michelson, Mac Merickle, Robert
Meyer, Elmer Kepler.

SCENE II

	<i>Principal</i>	<i>Understudy</i>
ENSIGN HOLMES.....	Stephen Callahan.....	Tom Outland
SERGEANT STILWELL.....	Frank Dulin.....	E. J. Sorg
GEORGE MACKENZIE, British Trader.....	Dr. Walter Langtry...	Herbert Myers
GODFROI, French Canadian..	Frank Hogan.....	D. P. Wilcoxon
DONALDSON, a British Settler.	Frank Bangert.....	Gerald Zent
MRS. DONALDSON, his wife..	Mrs. Ed. Bennigen...	Florence Freiberger
LaFARGE, a French half-breed	Will H. Tschannen...	Paul Thiel
KANE, an English trapper...	L. R. Young.....	W. W. Teichman
OH-SEE-GAN-IT, a young Miami Chief.....	J. R. Mitchell.....	Dr. George W. Gillie
MAY-AH-PON-CHAH, an Indian girl.....	Dorothy Detzer.....	Mildred Ehrman
AN ENGLISH SENTRY.....	E. J. Reinhart.....	Lawrence Horn

ENGLISH GARRISON

Edward White, John Watt, J. Erwin, Gerald Zent, Moody Zent, R. D. Southern, Arthur Wilker, Alfred Bogenschutz, Thos. Outland, Floyd Baldwin, Jay Mingus, Carl Winklemeyer, Harry Warfel, Paul Thiele, Otto Braun, Herbert Myers, Walter Geller, Edgar Bradley, Nelson Thompson, Howard Bauerle.

SCENE III

Principal

Understudy

<p>THE LITTLE TURTLE (Mi'shi-kin-noq kwa), War Chief of the Miamis.....</p> <p>ME'TE-AH (<i>Kiss Me</i>), Sachem of the Miamis.....</p> <p>BUCK-ONG-GE-HE'LOS (<i>The Breaker in Pieces</i>), War Chief of the Delawares.....</p> <p>BLUE JACKET (Wey'ah-peer-sen'-wah), War Chief of the Shawnees.....</p> <p>GE-LE'LE-MEND (<i>The Leader</i>), a Chief of the Delawares.....</p> <p>WINAMAC (<i>The Catfish</i>), War Chief of the Potawatomis.....</p> <p>TAR-KE, a Chief of the Miamis... ..</p> <p>LE GRIS, a Chief of the Miamis... ..</p> <p>TECUMSEH (<i>Going Across</i>), a Brave of the Shawnees.....</p> <p>COLONEL ALEXANDER MCKEE, British Indian Agent.....</p> <p>MAJOR WILLIAM CAMPBELL, of His Majesty's 24th Foot.....</p> <p>MAJOR-GENERAL ANTHONY WAYNE, commanding the Legion of the United States.....</p> <p>MAJOR-GENERAL CHARLES SCOTT, commanding the Kentucky Volunteers.....</p> <p>BRIGADIER-GENERAL THOMAS POSEY, of General Wayne's staff.....</p> <p>LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JOHN F. HAMTRAMCK, commandant of Fort Wayne.....</p> <p>CAPTAIN WILLIAM WELLS (Apekonit), commanding the Company of Scouts.....</p> <p>CAPTAIN JACOB KINGSBURY, Officer of the Day.....</p>	<p>.....E. D. Farr..... John Slater</p> <p>.....J. M. Stouder..... J. Blake</p> <p>.....Harry Muller..... Walter Hanauer</p> <p>.....Will Ralston..... Chas. Strodel</p> <p>.....Dr. W. F. Schrader..... A. E. Kleeberg</p> <p>.....Judge J. H. Aiken..... Frank Doriot</p> <p>.....C. M. Haffner..... J. Didier</p> <p>.....Dr. C. L. Taylor..... H. Bash</p> <p>.....W. H. Rohan..... W. M. Oswald</p> <p>.....Harry Hilgemann..... M. Emerick</p> <p>.....J. J. Brennan..... Robert Alterkruse</p> <p>.....Charles M. Niezer..... A. M. Romberg</p> <p>.....D. R. Litsey..... Clarence Getz</p> <p>.....J. J. Ritter..... R. A. Buhler</p> <p>.....E. J. Sorg..... C. D. Ream</p> <p>.....Harvey P Ingham..... Raymond Beuret</p> <p>.....C. H. Wilcoxon..... W. D. Hite</p>
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SCENE III—Continued

	<i>Principal</i>	<i>Understudy</i>
CAPTAIN MOSES PORTER, of the Artillery.....	Eugene Martz.....	C. L. Scribner
CAPTAIN RICHARD A. GREATON, of the Second Sub-Legion.....	C. E. Howe.....	Chas. Harkenrider
LIEUTENANT WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, of the First Sub- legion.....	O. F. Piepenbrink...	Robert Bangert
MRS. WILLIAM WELLS (<i>Sweet Breeze</i>), daughter of The Little Turtle.....	Mrs. Marie Hale...	Mona Hale

ADDITIONAL INDIANS APPEARING IN SCENE III

E. Miller, Roland Apfelbaum, Herbert Buck, Edwin Seibt, Merlin Granger, Walter Schmidt, Thos. Diffendorfer, Lawrence Horn, Clements, Showalter, G. H. Russell, Lloyd Harner, Walter Hanauer, G. Lochner, W. R. Brown, Cecil Beddle, Geo. Jaeger, Joan Welty, W. W. Oswald, W. E. Racine, Walter Hayes, Geo. Bauer, Lewis Horn, Norman Boerger, Ed. Melehing.

CONTINENTAL SOLDIERS

L. Schneider, N. Stiles, H. Scott, J. Stockberger, S. Snyder, W. Schlatter, P. Van Osdale, C. Cornish, J. Hattery, Ford Fair, S. Smith, R. Comparet, M. Culver, R. Hobrock, R. Coburn, R. Hite, C. Jackson, B. Hall, R. Blitz, A. Goldberger, Kauffman, H. Keller, K. Beierlein, R. Perry, E. Kraus, J. King, De Witt May, P. Traub, H. Herrington, Joe Brennan.

SCENE IV

Principal

Understudy

MAJOR B. F. STICKNEY, Indian

Agent.....	Ewing Bond.....	Albert Foerster
MRS. PELTIER.....	Mrs. Will Peltier...	Erma Duderstadt
MRS. CURTIS.....	Mary Philley.....	Mrs. J. Stephens
CAPTAIN JAMES RHEA.....	Ray McAdams.....	D. F. Abbott
LIEUTENANT PHILIP OSTANDER..	Robert Smith.....	Ed. Pelz
LIEUTENANT CURTIS.....	H. C. Moriarty.....	Walter Beerman
SERGEANT KING.....	Ralph Brower.....	William Ehle
WILLIAM OLIVER.....	Geo. W. Ryder.....	H. Scott
LOGAN.....	E. W. Miller	Paul Sarver
COLONEL JOHN ALLEN.....	B. S. Peigh.....	S. Yaney
COLONEL ADAMS.....	Wayne Bell.....	Dr. A. G. Emrick
COLONEL HAWKINS.....	Ed. Hauswirth.....	Theodore Fisher
GENERAL WILLIAM HENRY HAR-		
RISON.....	H. C. Neilsberg....	J. J. Ritter
FALLING SENTRY.....	C. W. Moellering....	N. Kendall
SPEAKING SENTRY.....	O. F. Sihler.....	L. Morton
GATE SENTRY.....	P. F. Boyer.....	C. Mong

FOUR GARRISON SOLDIERS: Harold Peck, Paul Hobbrook, King Muckley,
Ralph Hershberger.

CIVILIAN WOMEN

CONTINENTAL SOLDIERS

Company B High School Cadets.

SQUAWS

Same as named in Scene II.

KENTUCKY VOLUNTEERS

SCENE V

	<i>Principal</i>	<i>Understudy</i>
MAJOR JOSIAH N. VOSE, 5th Infantry, U. S. A., commandant.....	A. F. Bullerman	Ed. Melching
SAMUEL HANNA.....	Robert Hanna.....	Walter Curdes
MAJOR B. F. STICKNEY, Indian Agent.....	Ewing Bond.....	H. Harrington
WILLIAM SUTTENFIELD.....	Tom J. Kelly.....	Robt. E. Kelly
LAURA SUTTENFIELD, his wife.....	Mrs. W. C. Kaiser.....	Josephine Henderson
JAMES PELTIER.....	W. H. W. Peltier.....	Louis Crosby
ANGELINE CHAPETEAU PELTIER, his wife.....	Mrs. W.H.W.Peltier.....	Irma Duderstadt
CHIEF RICHARDVILLE, Chief of the Miamis.....	C. E. Morton.....	Victor Cramer
LIEUTENANT CLARK, 5th Infantry, U. S. A.....	Al. Racht.....	Jos. Grable
MARY WILLIAMS.....	Carlanthia Ray-houser	
CIVILIAN WOMEN		

SOLDIERS OF 1819

CONTINENTAL SOLDIERS

Jay Blake, H. Bash, J. Didier, M. Emerick, K. Foster, C. Ferguson, A. Fishback, G. Funk, G. Fries, I. Field, L. Herman, H. Hoglund, E. Johnston, N. Kendall, L. Morton, G. Mong, D. Merrill, M. Raquet, R. Wilkens, E. Wilkens, K. Muckley, H. Quicksell, E. Foster, C. Buck, J. Underhill, M. Wilkens, H. Driftmeyer, P. Borgman, E. Smith, R. Merri-man, H. Heine, G. Ryan, R. Bromelmeier, I. Guenther, N. Wariner, C. Hetrick, L. Wolf, D. Savier, P. Hobrock, J. Grable, V. Rogers, B. Rob-inson.

SIX INDIANS

SCENE VI

	<i>Principal</i>	<i>Understudy</i>
HENRY W. LAWTON.....	Ellis Hoagland.....	Lloyd Harner
WILLIAM P. SEGUR.....	Otto C. Meyer.....	S. S. Kelker
WILLIAM H. LINK.....	Healy Link.....	Arthur W. Parry
GEORGE HUMPHREY.....	Al. Gross	
FRANKLIN P. RANDALL, Mayor of Fort Wayne.....	Geo. Randall.....	Harry Muller
HUGH McCULLOCH.....	Fred McCulloch.....	Otto Fuelber
ALLEN HAMILTON.....	Dr. Allen Hamilton.....	Harry Muller
MORGAN FRENCH.....	B. J. Griswold.....	J. H. Ackerman
MRS. FRANCIS AVELINE.....	Mrs. B. J. Griswold..	May Muller
NEWSBOYS.....	Robert Hartnett, John Hartnett, Zenas Campbell	
1ST MAN IN CROWD.....	A. W. Perry	
2ND MAN IN CROWD.....	M. Wilkens	
3RD MAN IN CROWD.....	H. Quicksell	

THE THREE MONTHS' VOLUNTEERS

Samuel S. Kelker, Joseph Kickley, C. W. Fairfield, John Kunns, Rudolph Ripley, Rush Parker, William McIlvaine,* and one hundred others.

WOMEN OF FORT WAYNE

Vivian Lantz, Pearl Tresch, Hazel Broacks, Hilda Haiber, Garneta Long, Nellie Pape, Rhea Tanner, Hilda Wermer, Hazel Ross, Georgianna Fike, Helen Jones, Allegra Leverton, Grace Whitercraft, Norene Petgen, Margery Oliver, Florence Smith, Alice Kierspe, Mildred Gehringer, Marion Dial, Dua Ayne Dial, Retrievea Gehringer, Pauline Gehringer.

*These seven men are the sole survivors of the original "Three Months' Volunteers."

NORTHERN INDIANA VOLUNTEERS

Abram, H.	Ferber, G.	Klein, E.
Andres, W.	Foelber, E.	Kneeland, O.
Baade, E.	Friedrich, W.	Kolberg, W.
Battenberg, O.	Grunow, H.	Kruse, W.
Betz, A.	Gruse, J.	Loessel, E.
Brommer, W.	Heine, M.	Marschke, C.
Burandt, H.	Joost, E.	Mlotkowski, P.
Dinda, J.	Kasischke, A.	Mosner, R.
Drews, Wm.	Keb, A.	Oetting, W.
Feucht, O.	Knorr, E.	Otte, G.
Grewe, A.	Knutzen, H.	Plaackmeier, H.
Heerboth, M.	Koessel, R.	Pollex, A.
Henitz, O.	Krause, H.	Prentiss, N.
Kramer, Kl.	Kruse, W.	Raatz, A.
Krome, W.	Kummer, K.	Rittammel, A.
Lueke, Wm.	List, O.	Ruff, A.
Luersen, C.	Maassel, G.	Ruff, T.
Mader, P.	Matthies, K.	Schreiner, W.
Mahler, G.	Mlotkowski, J.	Schroeder, P.
Marutz, A.	Moll, K.	Sommerfeldt, A.
Meyer, W.	Mossner, E.	Spruth, E.
Miller, W.	Nemitz, W.	Steindorff, A.
Opitz, Wm.	Paseckel, L.	Stoskopf, A.
Pelikan, J.	Polster, A.	Todt, H.
Riess, O.	Reinke, M.	Trarbach, A.
Rolf, A.	Sattelmeier, F.	Trusheim, A.
Schumacher, H.	Schanke, F.	Volz, O.
Schwarzkopff, L.	Schroeder, G.	Volz, W.
Spiegel, C.	Schurdel, O.	Zapf, A.
Vandre, W.	Smukal, A.	Busch, V.
Wiese, H.	Strodel, C.	Behrens, E.
Bartling, E.	Stueckler, P.	Beyer, E.
Bauer, W.	Trautmann, R.	Braun, A.
Dorn, T.	Trinklein, L.	Bleeke, H.
Ergang, R.	Wacker, H.	Brudi, P.
Fedtke, O.	Waltz, L.	Brueggeman, H.
Frederking, T.	Weber, E.	Dorre, W.
Gold, P.	Weinhold, T.	Dorn, O.
Gremel, A.	Westerman, J.	Doege, A.
Grunau, H.	Willms, E.	Going, A.
Henrichs, K.	Woidtke, H.	Geberding, A.
Lankenau, F.	Zierott, R.	Goehring, W.
Levihn, H.	Zorn, K.	Gustke, W.
Meinzen, E.	Bald, O.	Gesell, G.
Metzdorf, E.	Boldt, W.	Helmke, O.
Misch, O.	Buesching, E.	Hahn, R.
Preuss, W.	Buetzow, A.	Heine, M.
Sagehorn, H.	Buszin, W.	Jeske, E.
Schilf, K.	Buuck, T.	Jeschke, E.
Schumann, F.	Claus, E.	Klausing, J.
Storm, E.	Clausen, W.	Kirsch, W.
Sydow, N.	Dietz, E.	Koessel, A.
Wittig, O.	Dorn, E.	Labrenz, E.
Armstrong, W.	Dueker, H.	Luecke, W.
Bauer, W.	Faszholz, M.	Marten, H.
Bezold, E.	Fehlau, E.	Neuchterlein, A.
Boehne, W.	Grasser, E.	Nees, M.
Boester, P.	Heidemann, E.	Pohl, W.
Buehheimer, L.	Huebner, M.	Paulsen, R.
Doederlein, O.	Keinath, L.	Petersen, G.
Eyler, G.	Klapproth, A.	Roeder, J.

NORTHERN INDIANA VOLUNTEERS—Continued

Roeder, P.	Broerman, R.	Mueller, W.
Schoedel, W.	Bredrich, A.	Pike, C.
Siegert, H.	Buchheimer, E.	Rose, H.
Schroer, W.	Buuck, W.	Roembke, A.
Schroeer, E.	Doederlein, R.	Rosenthal, J.
Sander, K.	Ernsting, W.	Ruskofsky, E.
Stimmel, K.	Gotsch, J.	Schaefer, W.
Schuessler, L.	Gustke, W.	Schakowske, B.
Scholz, R.	Greinke, L.	Scholz, W.
Toerne, A.	Henkle, A.	Schumm, A.
Urbach, A.	Henkle, P.	Schumacher, L.
Weber, W.	Heidbrink, F.	Schury, B.
Weise, D.	Harris, J.	Succop, T.
Woldt, E.	Heider, R.	Schmidt, M.
Wulf, A.	Jorgeleit, E.	Schmidt, N.
Zink, A.	Kirsten, P.	Von Toerne, S.
Ziegler, K.	Klomp, A.	Trautman, E.
Zabel, W.	Landenberger, R.	Thress, F.
Adam, C.	Leuhr, E.	Tielker, W.
Ahlbrand, C.	Luhman, L.	Troeger, R.
Beilfuss, F.	Miller, B.	Wentslaff, W.
Beyer, A.	Mehl, E.	Wiebke, E.
Blendow, W.	Moellering, E.	Zehnder, C.
Boester, A.		

THE SPIRIT OF INDIANA

INDIANA.....	Ruth Gumpper
SOLDIER.....	D. Ferd Urbahnus
SAILOR.....	Frederick Hughes

BALLET OF FORT WAYNE IN SCENE V

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MISS MURIEL LARIMORE
ACCOMPANIST FOR REHEARSALS—MISS HELENE CLIFFORD

INDIAN GROUP

Katherine Baker, Virginia Homsher, Elizabeth Hadley, Katherine Willson, Josephine Druklege, Janet Glass, Doris Wilker, Katherine Baker, Thelma Feusht, Clarissa Bundage, Annibel Meyers, Valette Wellman, Lucile Rodman, Virginia Ainsworth, Mary Meek, Hildred Gruber, Florence Federspiel, Nellie Eggiman, Gladys Stringer, Ruth Friestel.

FRENCH GROUP

Leola Streeter, Louise Kraus, Grace Kinney, Martha Irmscher, Hildagarde Schick, Margaret Hosford, Helen Strodel, Grace Longworth, Ethel Mollet, Edith Longworth, Katherine Bratton, Ruth Glass, Mary Louise Rhamy, Collette Cullen, Helen Root, Margaret Nelson, Marie Johnson, Katherine Jennings, Louise Wollner, Ruth Orton.

ENGLISH GROUP

Marguerette Strassburg, Ruth Tepper, Charlotte Alter, Margueret Hyman, Lucille Price, Elizabeth Sears, Margaret Sears, Julia Calhoun, Dorothy Garmire, Bernidia McKierman, Katherine Miller, Esther Stock, Lucille Fry, Pascaline Smith, Nellie Keim, Loretta Mahurin, Helen Hutlinger, Margaret Garmire, Leona Wallace, Norine Oddou.

IRISH GROUP

Katherine DeWald, Senora Riehe, Helen Willson, Phillys Bales, Laura Smith, Doris Walsh, Mary Burette, Edna Maxwell, Dorothy Cary, Katherine Ducklage, Ruth Walsh, Alice Flick, Grace Hamlet, Inez Hartzler, Margaret Ann Keegan, Ellen Hudson, Katherine Barnes, Katherine Reuch, Mary Zoebaugh, Ruth Linch.

GERMAN GROUP

Velma Hoffman, Velma Grunert, Bertha Goeglein, Margaret Scott, Kate Shoaff, Stella Sherbondy, Lucile Franke, Alice Wilkens, Cornelia Bleke, Victoriz Gross, Norma Gerding, Flora Geberding, Thelma Damon, Naomi Dixon, Louise Baade, Hilda Grote, Margaret Simmniger, Lenora Miller, Valetta Holman, Louise Rippe.

UNCLE SAM GROUP

Ila Menefee, Lucile Hamilton, Mary Eckert, Ruth Anna Fry, Lillian Polhamus, Ilo Rieke, Evelyn Bales, Charlotte Mahurin, Camille Rohinette, Violet Rinewalt, Audrey Stickley, Grace Tiger, Marion Longworth, Wilda Kline, Helen Jaeger, Beatrice Jaeger, Martha Groover, Priscilla Wilkinson, Dorothy Rippe, Lucile Federspiel.

AMERICAN GROUP

Ruth Anderson, Mabel Vernon, Grace Romary, Margaret Strieder, Lillian Smith, Gladys Hadley, Helen Hackius, Katherine Kampe, Mabel Hart, Malinda Irmscher, Hilda Irmscher, Margaret Byroade, Lottie Flagle, Vivian Flemming, Mary Williams, Margaret Fry, Nathalie Roquemore, Esther Centlivre, Ruth Peabody.

CHARACTERS

THUNDERHEAD, a Prophet of the Miamis

SCENE I

A-SAY'-PON (*The Raccoon*), Sachem of the Miamis

AT-CHEE'-PONG (*The Snapping Turtle*), War-Chief of the Miamis

MICHEL, a French Trader

PHILIPPE, a French Trader.

AH-PAS'-SYAH (*The Fawn*), Michel's Squaw

OH-SAH-MO'-NEE (*The Bloodroot*), Philippe's Squaw

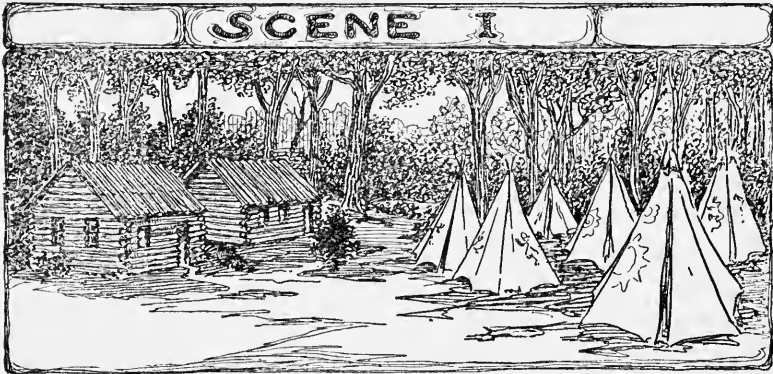
CHANK-TUN (*Noise Maker*), an Indian Runner

WEE-PEE'-CHAH (*The Flint*), an Indian Runner

A MISSIONARY PRIEST of the Society of Jesus

EDOUARD, a French Trapper

CHRISTOPHE, a French Trapper



SCENE I—PROLOGUE

THUNDERHEAD

Sacred this place. For untold ages, long
Lost in the nameless years, my people came
With ancient rites where these three rivers run
Under the shining sky. Now here ye come,
As we of old, in thousands, to recount
The pains and perils of the past. Peace smiles
Upon this holy ground to-night, and all
Your ways are bright with hope. Yet I know well
The dreadful day when painted Iroquois,
Armed as with lightning, drove my tribesmen far,
Slaying and scalping as they came in wrath
To stain our frontier red. They thought us women—
We, the Miamis! But our war-chief saw
The invaders pass, and summoning every brave
To their return, we sprang upon them there
As leaps the panther hidden near the path,
Leaving not one alive. Then came the French:
The traders, bringing wares the like of which
We had not dreamed, to tell of worlds beyond
Our woods and streams; the Black Robe with the Cross—
We heard of realms beyond our skies, and breathed
The name of your high God. Now ye behold,
While for an hour old Time rolls back his scroll,
The morning of the place whereon ye build!

SCENE I. *It is a bright spring day in the year 1680. Budding leaves and laughing flowers make a clearing in the forest beautiful. The spot is on the St. Mary's River, which flows in the foreground, on the present site of the City of Fort Wayne. A landing-place for canoes is on the river bank. The huts of two French traders are on the edge of the primeval forest, with Indian wigwams on both sides, brightly decorated with uncouth signs and figures. About the traders' huts the grass is spread with samples of the wares they bring for trade, copper pans and kettles, steel knives and hatchets, flintlock muskets with bags of powder and ball, and vividly colored blankets all about. There are small bales of peltries in front of the wigwams. On the boughs of a sapling crabtree in full blossom between the traders' huts hang many strings of bright beads. Nearer the river an Indian youth is teaching smaller boys to dance by jumping first on one foot and then on the other. Little girls are pointing to the awkwardness of some of these lads, and laughing at them, while the boys scowl. It is a scene of bustle and confusion, with Indian braves straying in from the forest to salute their Sachem and War Chief, with squaws preparing food during such time as they can spare from curiosity over the French trade-goods, which the warriors are also examining from time to time.*

MICHEL. Come and see! Come and look! Come, look, see!

AH-PAS-SYAH [*Imitating, to the laughter of the rest, but with self-satisfaction.*] Come and see! Come and look! Come, look, see!

A-SAY-PON [*Pointing to the furs.*] Here are peltries: fur of the beaver, the man who works; fur of the squirrel, the boy who plays; fur of the skunk, the brave who walks alone in the woods; fur of our brother the bear, the lover of honey, our brother the bear.

PHILIPPE [*Showing his wares.*] Here are blankets fit for a chief, warm as the lodge fire; here are copper pots and pans to fill your bellies from with hot broth; here are beads brighter than the stars in the skies. Who wants? Who wants? Who wants?

OH-SAH-MO-NEE [*Fingering a string of beads.*] Oh, Philippe, may I have this one? This is a pretty one.

PHILIPPE [*Glancing around and smiling.*] Yes, my friend, you may have that one.

[*Oh-sah-mo-nee takes the string of beads carefully from the bough of the sapling, showing delight, and runs with it to the other squaws, who examine it and shake their heads over it.*]

AH-PAS-SYAH [*To Michel.*] May I have this one? This is a pretty one.

MICHEL. Run into the woods and gather fagots against our dinner. I am hungry.

AH-PAS-SYAH. Then may I have this one?

MICHEL. Run quick. I shall starve.

[*Exit Ah-pas-syah into the forest, hurriedly.*]

AT-CHEE-PONG [*After scrutinizing a murderous looking knife.*] What is this made of? Stone knives I know and knives of copper. But what is this? Grey like silver, tougher than copper, harder than flint.

PHILIPPE. That is steel, the child of rock and of fire, harder than flint, sharper than flame, of more worth than silver.

AT-CHEE-PONG. Surely. But it must be worth many furs. [*To A-say-pon.*] It would be a joy to slay or scalp with such as this.

A-SAY-PON. So it would seem; though it would take many furs. [*To the traders.*] You will take our peltries and give us of these? [*To the squaws nearby.*] Bring the peltries here.

[*The squaws hasten to obey.*]

[*Enter from down the river to the left Chank-tun, running and breathless and big with news. At the sight of him At-chee-pong looks to his weapons, and at his sign the Braves look to theirs and gather behind him. The Boys stop dancing and disappear. The Squaws hide behind the wigwams.*]

AT-CHEE-PONG [*To Chank-tun.*] What word? Who comes? Is it peace or war?

[*As Chank-tun gives the sign of peace and points up the river, the Braves gather about and the scene resumes its former air of bustle and confusion.*]

CHANK-TON. In a canoe with a Twightwee comes one in a long black robe, and in his hand this.

[*He holds one arm across the other to indicate the shape of the Cross. Braves run down to the landing and gaze up the river; Squaws drop the furs they are carrying and crowd after them; the Boys and Girls get in the way and are gently used.*]

THE TRADERS. It is a priest! A missionary priest!

MICHEL. He will ask us if we are married.

PHILIPPE. He will marry us.

MICHEL. We shall have to go to confession.

PHILIPPE. Even in these woods we shall have to do penance—much penance.

MICHEL. A great deal of penance. Who would have thought it?

PHILIPPE. Oh-sah-mo-nee, put the beads about your neck—so! Here, take this blanket for your shoulders and try to behave yourself. There! Now you look more like a Christian.

MICHEL. [*Calling to Ah-pas-syah, who comes laden with fagots, which she drops in astonishment at the new confusion.*] Oh, Ah-pas-syah, come quickly. Take this, and this.

[*He gives her beads and a blanket; she is still more confused.*]

PHILIPPE. [*Going to the landing, the Braves making way for him.*] A priest comes. Do him honor. He is from Montreal.

AT-CHEE-PONG. It is to Montreal we go to swap our peltries for this steel? [*Points to the knives.*]

MICHEL. [*Coming down.*] It is to Montreal. There you will see things even more to be desired than these.

A-SAY-PON. It is a long journey.

PHILIPPE. More than one moon to go, more than one moon to come again. It is a long journey.

AT-CHEE-PONG. But why must we go a long journey? Here are your knives and here are our peltries. Why not swap here and have done with it?

A-SAY-PON. When we go, it is we who carry our furs the long journey and bear back the white man's wares the long journey. But if the traders swap them here, theirs is the burden both going and coming the long journey.

AT-CHEE-PONG. Let them bear the burden; why should we?

[*The noise has been increasing at the landing. Michel and Philippe instruct their Squaws in the art of kneeling to the expected Priest. The Squaws go over to the Children to teach them.*]

[*The Priest comes to the landing in a canoe rowed by Indians. Other canoes follow. The Traders go to the landing to assist the Priest ashore. He has a Cross made of trimmed boughs. An Indian follows him with the box containing the sacred vessels. One of the band on shore seems to recognize this Indian as an enemy, waiting only to be sure before attacking him.*]

PRIEST. Peace be with you!

[*The Traders kneel with their Squaws. The Priest blesses them. The Children who have been restrained with difficulty, kneel in part, while the rest scamper away, simulating fright. The Indians on shore hold themselves proudly erect, the other Indians landing and kneeling behind the Priest.*]

TRADERS. And with thy spirit!

PRIEST. [*Taking the box of sacred vessels from the Indian and*

giving it to Philippe, who receives it reverently.] Place this in safety for the time.

[Philippe, rising, takes the box into his hut, returning immediately to kneel. The Indian ashore creeps around toward his foe.

PRIEST. [Pointing to Ah-pas-syah.] Who is this, my son?

MICHEL. [Shamefacedly.] We would marry, Father.

PRIEST. [Pointing to Oh-sah-mo-nee.] And who is this?

PHILIPPE. We too would marry, Father.

PRIEST. Are the women baptized?

TRADERS. No, Father.

PRIEST. Do you prepare yourselves for confession, then.

PHILIPPE. We have taught them something of the Faith, Father.

PRIEST. That is well, my children. [Strikes his Cross into the ground; then, to the Indians accompanying him.] Build me an altar here.

[The Indians begin collecting flat pieces of stone for the purpose; the hostile Indian waiting his chance to pounce on his enemy.

[Wee-pee-chah comes running in from the forest. Again At-chee-pong looks to his weapons, the Children disappear, the Braves gather to face the coming runner, and the Squaws get out of sight.]

AT-CHEE-CHAH. [To Wee-pee-chah.] Is it peace or war?

WEE-PEE-CHAH. Two white men come across by the portage.

A-SAY-PON. Do they come in peace?

WEE-PEE-CHAH. They come in peace.

A-SAY-PON. [Counting out several Braves.] Go to meet them, and bring them here in safety.

[The Braves designated go into the forest with Wee-pee-chah.]

MICHEL. Who can they be?

PHILIPPE. Who will they be?

PRIEST. They must come from the Illinois country. [To A-say-pon.] Do many strangers come to visit you?

A-SAY-PON. From all the country toward the setting sun, the tribes come up the Wabash, the Great White River, cross the portage and here row down the river of the Miamis, to the Great Lake of the Erie, and so to the rising sun.

MICHEL. The peltries from all the region roundabout thus find their way to Montreal.

PHILIPPE. It is the Gateway of the West.

[*There is shouting from the forest. Edouard and Christophe emerge, chatting and laughing with the Braves who escort them.*

[*As they come the hostile Brave dashes down upon his enemy with a yell of triumph. The Indian attacked shrinks behind the Priest, who seizes his Cross, and thrusts it in the warrior's way.*]

PRIEST. [*With sacerdotal dignity.*] My son has come to the Cross, and the Cross shall save him.

A-SAY-PON. Dare you attack our guest?

[*Cuffs the Indian roundly as he slinks away.*

[*Edouard and Christophe see the Priest and hasten to him. Michel and Philippe recognize them, and they run to one another's embrace. All come to the Priest and kneel while he blesses them.*]

EDOUARD. [*Rising.*] What news of Montreal, good Father?

PRIEST. Many months have gone since I took the forest and the river paths. And you are—?

CHRISTOPHE. We are simple wood-runners, Christophe and Edouard, your Reverence.

PRIEST. Ah, I have heard tell of you, my children. How come you here?

EDOUARD. We come from Lake Peoria in the Illinois country, and go to Montreal to get us new supplies.

PRIEST. Will you take letters for me there?

BOTH. Most willingly, good Father.

PRIEST. You must stay for our double wedding here, and I will write them. But I do not yet know the name of this place, O Sachem.

A-SAY-PON. This is Kekionga, the Glorious Gateway of the West.

[*The light fades from the scene.*]

Scene II.

SCENE II

CHARACTERS

ENSIGN ROBERT HOLMES.

SERGEANT STILLWELL

GEORGE MACKENZIE, a trader

GODFROI, a Canadian

DONALDSON, an English settler

MRS. DONALDSON, his wife.

LAFARGE, a French half-breed from Kaskaskia

KANE, an English trapper

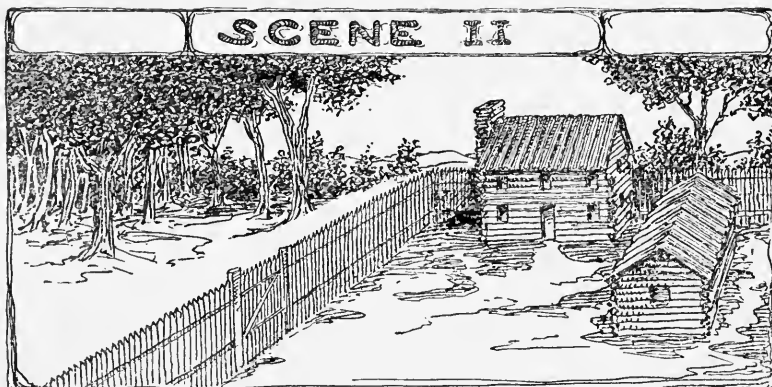
AN ENGLISH SENTRY

OH-SEE-GAN-IT, a young Miami chief

MAY-AH-PON-CHAH, an Indian girl

TEN ENGLISH SOLDIERS of the Fortieth Foot

MIAMI INDIANS, Squaws and children and six Iroquois pack-bearers in MacKenzie's party.



SCENE II—PROLOGUE

THUNDERHEAD

Thus came the French. Soon over this dear place
 Sound echoes of vast European wars,
 Now dim and half forgotten. Pampered kings,
 Greedy for empire, dye their grasping hands
 Deep in their peoples' blood. The stones they cast
 In history's pool of hours send wave on wave
 Almost to overwhelm the elder world,
 Their little ripples breaking at the foot
 Of mighty trees in this far western clime.
 William and Lewis, Anne and George, the French
 And Indians all embattled stand, while we,
 The Miamis, hot on Braddock fall and slay.
 In far Quebec Montcalm and Wolfe go side
 By side to death and glory. At the close
 The golden lilies of the Bourbon droop,
 And where they proudly floated prouder still
 The banner of Great Britain is unfurled!
 But peace abides not, for King Pontiac
 Rouses our bravest, and these forests flame
 With hate. We fight to keep our own, and fight
 In vain. For ever English law and speech,
 Language and law of freemen, as ye tell,
 Are laid upon our land, for centuries ours!

SCENE II

SCENE II. *At the end of the chorus speech, the lights again brighten on the greater stage, disclosing Fort Miami on the bank of the St. Joseph's River as it appeared on an afternoon in the year 1763, shortly after the close of the French and Indian War.*

At the extreme left of the stage is a log house which serves as a general trading store, and beside it a smaller cabin used as quarters by Ensign Holmes, the commander of the post.

A stockade with a large gate in it runs diagonally from behind the log houses to within about ten feet of the water's edge at mid-stage, leaving the acting area in full sight of the audience equally divided between what is supposed to be the ground inside and the ground outside the fort.

The gate is open and beside it sits a Sentry with his musket laid across his knees. In front of the larger loghouse, Kane, Godfroi, and Sergeant Stillwell are pitching quoits. Donaldson sits on a table beside the door smoking, and Mrs. Donaldson stands in the doorway watching the game. Three or four soldiers are lounging and smoking nearby and several Indians are either strolling about the enclosure or lying in the shadow of the stockade. Oh-see-gan-it wrapped in his blanket is watching Godfroi from his place beside the gate. May-ah-pon-chah is sitting on the ground, playing with two Indian children.

STILLWELL. *[After pitching a quoit.]* There, by gad, that'll fetch me the money.

GODFROI. No.

KANE. The Frenchy wins again.

DONALDSON. Lucky at games, unlucky in war, eh?

[The soldiers and Mrs. Donaldson laugh.]

GODFROI. Wait and see.

DONALDSON. *[Wagging his head.]* If you Frenchmen were only as good at fighting as you are at fiddling and pitching quoits, we mightn't have took Quebec and Montreal so easy like.

GODFROI. The toss is not yet finished. You English may have better luck in games.

DONALDSON. Ho, ho! Listen to that now! *[The soldiers laugh.]*

MRS. DONALDSON. You better come in the house and get your supper. Mr. Godfroi don't like your teasing.

KANE. He'll get used to it, eh, Godfroi?

GODFROI. Perhaps.

MRS. DONALDSON. Let him alone. You know what Ensign Holmes told you yesterday.

DONALDSON. *[Roughly.]* That's enough from you. Go in the

house and fetch us something to drink. I got to see this game finished.

[*Mrs. Donaldson goes into the house. Stillwell and Godfroi continue their game. Kane stands beside Donaldson.*]

KANE. I hear there's talk of a new prophet among the Delawares, a fellow that says he's climbed up to Heaven naked and hobnobbed with the Great Spirit. They say it's making a big stir through all the northern tribes and that Pontiac King of the Ottawas is up to some kind of mischief against the English in spite of the way he turned against the French at Detroit.

DONALDSON. Ask Godfroi. He's the one to tell you about red war belts and the bloody stick and such like.

GODFROI. [*Sullenly.*] How should I know? I'm a peaceful man, a friend of the English.

[*Mrs. Donaldson enters with a stone pitcher and mugs. Donaldson fills a mug and holds it out to Godfroi.*]

DONALDSON. If you're such a friend of the English, drink this to the health of his Gracious Majesty George the Third.

[*The soldiers laugh again as Donaldson advances on Godfroi.*]

GODFROI. No.

DONALDSON. I say drink it, if you know what's good for you.

[*With a snarl Godfroi dashes the mug from Donaldson's hand and flings himself upon him with a drawn knife. Mrs. Donaldson screams. There is a stir and murmur from the Indians. Stillwell, Kane, and the soldiers separate the combatants just as Holmes enters from the left.*]

HOLMES. What's the trouble here? [*No one answers.*]

HOLMES. Sergeant Stillwell, you had better come with me and make your report at once. [*To the others.*] If there's any further disturbance, I shall put you all under arrest.

[*He turns on his heel to go into the smaller cabin, which Stillwell enters.*]

MAY-AH-PON-CHAH. [*Rising and coming to him.*] O, Little Father, my people love the French and hate the English.

HOLMES. [*Patting her head affectionately.*] But you do not, my little Miami.

MAY-AH-PON-CHAH. [*Sorrowfully.*] They would make me, if I could.

HOLMES. [*Chuckling her under the chin.*] But you cannot, oh? Well, that's one good thing in a world of hate. [*He goes into the cabin. May-ah-pon-chah turns to go from the Fort.*]

GODFROI. [*Coming up.*] Where do you go?

MAY-AH-PON-CHAH. To bring the little father moccasins I have made for him.

GODFROI. Fetch them, and tell him your mother is sick.

[May-ah-pon-chah goes out the gateway, defiantly. Godfroi turns his back on the others, goes sullenly to a bale of skins near where Oh-see-gan-it is standing, sits down and begins whittling a stick with his hunting knife. Kane picks up the quoits and Donaldson sits down again upon the table and lights his pipe. MacKenzie, dressed as a trapper and followed by Lafarge and six Indians bearing packs of skins slung on poles, enters from the woods at the left and approaches the open gate of the fort. The Sentry scrambles slowly to his feet and challenges the newcomers.]

THE SENTRY. Who goes there?

MACKENZIE. Friends to his Gracious Majesty George the Third.

THE SENTRY. *[Stepping aside.]* Pass, friends.

[MacKenzie and Lafarge enter the enclosure but the Indian bearers unsling their packs and squat down beside the gate. MacKenzie addresses the group of men in front of the log house.]

MACKENZIE. Is a man named Johnson, the post trader, at this fort?

DONALDSON. He was until about two weeks ago.

MACKENZIE. Has he been transferred?

KANE. No, sir, he was killed by the Indians.

[Holmes enters from the smaller cabin, followed by Stillwell.]

MACKENZIE. Then I want to speak to your commanding officer.

HOLMES. *[Stepping forward.]* I am Ensign Holmes of His Majesty's Fortieth Foot, in command of Fort Miami. What can I do for you?

MACKENZIE. *[Extending his hand.]* Glad to know you, Ensign. My name is George MacKenzie. I'm on my way back from the Illinois country. I've been to Kaskaskia and as far north as Green Bay.

HOLMES. Happy to make your acquaintance, Mr. MacKenzie. And what sort of feeling did you find among the Indians in that part of the country?

MACKENZIE. Bad, Mr. Holmes, very bad! The northern tribes are becoming more and more irritated against the English every day. They don't take kindly to the change of masters and the French settlers are doing everything they can to stir up trouble for us in spite of the treaty.

HOLMES. I don't like the look of it. The red war belt and the bloody stick were seen two weeks ago in one of the villages of the Miamis.

MACKENZIE. Then you can bet your last shilling, sir, they mean to attack this fort.

HOLMES. I doubt it. The Miamis are not a strong tribe. But I've taken the precaution of stopping the sale of whiskey and gun-powder among them and sent a full report to Major Gladwyn at Detroit. He will probably take the matter up direct with General Amherst, or very likely send a detachment to reinforce the smaller forts in this valley.

MACKENZIE. I'm afraid you underestimate the danger, Mr. Holmes. The Colonial Army that took Canada from the French has been disbanded and most of the regulars sent back to England. Unless I'm much mistaken, Major Gladwyn will need all his men to hold Detroit itself.

HOLMES. In the meantime, let me offer you the hospitality of my quarters. At least they won't be able to attack us before I can give you a bite of supper.

MACKENZIE. I reckon not, but don't let them catch you napping. When the storm breaks there's going to be mighty little warning.

[As MacKenzie follows Holmes into the smaller cabin and Kane and Donaldson go into the larger one, Lafarge, who has been leaning on his rifle during the previous conversation, tucks the gun under his arm and approaches Godfroi.]

LAFARGE. Is your name Godfroi?

GODFROI. *[Without looking up.]* That's my name, yes. What do you want?

LAFARGE. *[After a glance around to make sure that the Englishmen have gone.]* My name is Henri Lafarge from Green Bay. I joined the Saginash trader, MacKenzie, at Kaskaskia but I am not trading this year in the skins of animals.

GODFROI. *[Eagerly as if asking a password.]* In what are you trading?

LAFARGE. I am ordered to tell you this. By next summer the hunting will be good again, and every chief from Niagara to Michilimackinac will have English hair to fringe his hunting frock.

GODFROI. *[Rising.]* Good! Give me the last sign.

LAFARGE. *[Producing a small strip of wampum.]* The little war belt from the great King of the North.

GODFROI. *[Taking it in his hand.]* Good.

[Oh-see-gan-it has approached and is looking over Godfroi's shoulder. The light begins to fade.]

LAFARGE. It is the second day of the new moon. Tonight the tribes will strike at every fort in the Valley of the Scioto.

OH-SEE-GAN-IT. We are ready. We have danced our dance around the painted stick. Our War Chiefs have painted themselves black and gone into the woods without food and the Great Spirit has sent them signs. We are ready. But what gifts do

the King of the North and the Great Father of the French send to their brothers, the Miamis?

LAFARGE. [*Producing a packet from his breast.*] I bring with me strange belts and strings of beads beyond the price of a hundred pelts of the beaver. And when your work is done, your French father will send his war canoes again across the great waters to Montreal carrying gifts enough to cover the graves of your dead ten times over. Is it enough?

OH-SEE-GAN-IT. It is enough.

GODFROI. All is prepared and the Indians have put me in command. We can strike on five minutes' notice.

LAFARGE. You must wait till I am gone on with MacKenzie to the next post. His Iroquois bearers are friendly to the English.

GODFROI. Good. [*He turns to Oh-see-gan-it.*] Go, brother, and take the word of Pontiac to your warriors.

[Oh-see-gan-it turns and goes slowly out through the gate across the open space and into the woods. As he does so MacKenzie and Holmes come out of the smaller house. Godfroi and Lafarge turn their backs on one another and Godfroi resumes his whittling.]

HOLMES. [*To MacKenzie.*] Then you have decided not to spend the night at the fort?

MACKENZIE. I must be getting on as fast as I can. Some of my men have made a camp about fifteen miles down the river. If I join them tonight, I can make a quicker start in the morning. [*He turns to Lafarge.*] Are you going with me, Lafarge?

LAFARGE. I am going with you.

[The Iroquois bearers rise and shoulder their burdens. Holmes and MacKenzie shake hands.]

HOLMES. Good luck to you, Mr. MacKenzie.

MACKENZIE. The same to you, Ensign.

[He turns and goes out at the gate, followed by his companions. As they disappear into the woods Holmes turns to Stillwell.]

HOLMES. Sergeant Stillwell, you may order the gates closed for the night and change sentries.

STILLWELL. Yes, sir.

[He salutes and goes off toward the left. Holmes begins pacing up and down with his hands clasped behind him. Kane and Donaldson come out of the larger house, glance up at the sky, then join Holmes and the three stand together near the door of Holmes's quarters as if chatting. While this goes on, Godfroi catches the eye of May-ah-pon-chah. She goes over to him as she comes into the Fort. The light

has changed to a sunset glow and the woods are now in deep shadow.]

GODFROI. Now is the time, before they can close the gates. You know what to do.

MAY-AH-PON-CHAH. I will not do it.

GODFROI. Do you see this knife?

MAY-AH-PON-CHAH. Yes, I see it.

GODFROI. I will be close behind you. If you do not tell the little Saginash father what I have told you to say, I will strike you dead.

[May-ah-pon-chah draws away from Godfroi and goes reluctantly toward Holmes. Godfroi rises and follows her at a little distance with his knife held behind his back. The figures of Indian Warriors appear creeping along the edge of the wood.]

MAY-AH-PON-CHAH. *[To Holmes.]* Little Father.

HOLMES. *[Turning.]* Well?

MAY-AH-PON-CHAH. My mother is lying sick in a tepee at this side of the village. The Chiefs and the Medicine man say she is bewitched by the Evil Spirit. They will not go near her. Unless the little father can put his hand on her and give her the medicine she will die before morning. Will the little father go before his soldiers shut the gates of the strong house?

HOLMES. *[After a moment's hesitation.]* Yes, the little father will go.

DONALDSON. I wouldn't do it, Mr. Holmes. It may be a trap.

HOLMES. Nonsense! There's no danger.

MAY-AH-PON-CHAH. Is the little father coming?

HOLMES. Lead the way and I'll follow you.

[May-ah-pon-chah goes slowly out through the gate followed by Holmes. Several of the Indians inside the stockade rise and draw closer to Godfroi. As Holmes reaches the middle of the open space outside the fort there is the report of a rifle from the edge of the woods and Holmes falls to the ground, just as Stillwell enters from the left followed by three soldiers.]

STILLWELL. *[Running toward the gate.]* Who fired that shot?

THE SENTRY. *[At the gate.]* My God, they've shot Ensign Holmes!

[Godfroi blows a shrill blast upon a whistle. Stillwell followed by the three soldiers rushes across the parade ground and out at the gate. Before they can reach Holmes they are met by a strong volley from the woods. Stillwell falls and the three soldiers run to the gate only to be set upon by the Indians before they can close it.]

KANE. [*Shouting frantically.*] Shut the gates! Shut the gates!

[*Mrs. Donaldson rushes out of the house screaming and clings to her husband. More Indians swarm in from the woods and the soldiers near the gate are easily overpowered. The remaining soldiers rush in from the left and fire a few scattered shots. Some of the Indians fall, but by weight of numbers Godfroi's followers soon overcome the slight resistance. Donaldson has been torn from his wife and he is held between two Indian warriors. Godfroi is standing with the Miami Chief in an open space at the center of the parade ground. The Miami Chief lifts his hand for silence.*]

GODFROI. [*To Donaldson.*] Seeing that both your officers have been killed, I call upon you, Mr. Donaldson, in the name of Pontiac, King of the Ottawas, to surrender this fort.

[*There is a shout from the Indians.*]

DONALDSON. [*Struggling in the hands of his guards.*] You dirty snake!

[*Godfroi steps to the flagstaff, cuts the halyards with his knife, and tears down the British flag. The lights go out.*]

Scene III.

SCENE III

CHARACTERS

THE LITTLE TURTLE [*Mi'shi-kin-nog'kwa*], War Chief of the
Miamis

ME'TE-AH [*Kiss Me*], Sachem of the Miamis

BUCK-ONG-GE-HE'LOS [*The Breaker in Pieces*], War Chief of the
Delawares

BLUE JACKET [*Wey'ah-peer-sen'wah*], War Chief of the Shaw-
nees

GE-LE'LE-MEND [*The Leader*], a Chief of the Delawares

WINAMAC [*The Catfish*], War Chief of the Potawatomis

TAR-KE, a Chief of the Miamis

LE GRIS, a Chief of the Miamis

TECUMSEH [*Going Across*], a Brave of the Shawnees

COLONEL ALEXANDER MCKEE, British Indian Agent

MAJOR WILLIAM CAMPBELL, of His Majesty's 24th Foot

MAJOR-GENERAL ANTHONY WAYNE, commanding the Legion of
the United States

MAJOR GENERAL CHARLES SCOTT, commanding the Ken-
tucky Volunteers

BRIGADIER-GENERAL THOMAS POSEY, of General Wayne's
staff

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JOHN F. HAMTRAMCK, commandant of
Fort Wayne

CAPTAIN WILLIAM WELLS [*Apekonit*], commanding the Com-
pany of Scouts

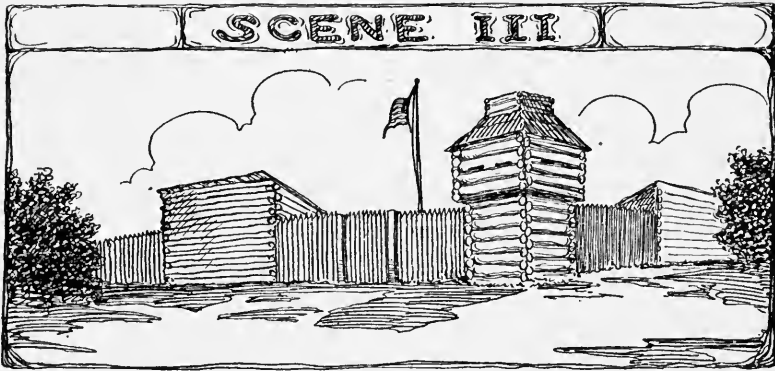
CAPTAIN JACOB KINGSBURY, Officer of the Day

CAPTAIN MOSES PORTER, of the Artillery

CAPTAIN RICHARD A. GREATON, of the Second Sub-legion

LIEUTENANT WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, of the First Sub-
legion

MRS. WILLIAM WELLS [*Sweet Breeze*], daughter to The Little
Turtle



SCENE III—PROLOGUE

THUNDERHEAD

Now Freedom draws the stars of Heaven to earth
And sets them in your Flag. Long, long the tale:
The fight at consecrated Lexington,
Where toilsome folk, like you, in their best blood
Write Revolution on the page of Time;
The flashing meteor of Stony Point;
The succoring arm of gallant France; at last
Yorktown, with Lafayette and Washington.
Faint sound the war-drums here, though doughty Clark
And his Long Knives spread terror roundabout
And bold Le Balme goes hence unto his death.
A great soul passed when Pontiac was slain,
But now old Kekionga breeds a Man.
Let Harmar speak, and let St. Clair proclaim
The Little Turtle's stroke! Soon Wayne comes forth,
Your Anthony, and where the Fallen Timbers lie
We, the Miamis, fight, and lose, and make
Our peace, while here your town has christening
With his heroic name beneath his Flag,
To be for evermore American!

SCENE III. *It is late in the night of August 19, 1794, on the eve of the Battle of Fallen Timbers. The Chiefs of the Miamis, Delawares, Shawnees, Potawatomis, and Wyandots are gathered about a council fire in the forest with officers of their British allies. Above and below the fire are braves with war-drums, which they beat at the conclusion of every speech. To the right are the two British officers in scarlet uniforms. The Little Turtle and Metchah are on the left. In irregular circles behind and at the sides are disposed braves of the several tribes. All are in full war-paint with weapons in hand. Outside the circles of the warriors are squaws and youths, with a few sleepy children. As the speeches are being made braves come and go from the forest, and many land from their canoes, coming in both directions on the river. The expression of approval and disapproval of the speeches is vociferous and violent, and between the braves themselves there are frequent expressions of difference of opinion, shown by wild and threatening gestures, though no blows are struck. The subject under debate is that of attacking the Legion of the United States, commanded by Major-General Anthony Wayne, which is encamped a short distance up the river.*

WINAMAC. Brothers. I am Winamac the Potawatomi, the Catfish, the War Chief. The Long Knives are upon us. They come to destroy the waving corn we have planted, the pumpkins like balls of copper in the sun, the beans and all the green things that hold from Winter the hand of his brother Hunger. They come to slay our squaws and papposes, if not by the bullet, by the surer finger of Starvation. I say, Death to them all! I have spoken.

MCKEE. Your Father the King sends you this word by me. I have been among you many years, and you know my tongue is not the tongue of the serpent. Your Father the King has sent you rifles and powder and ball by me that you may keep the sacred soil of your forefathers, the Kekionga of these three rivers. The Long Knives would drive you far away, where the sun dies in the west. But will you, the chiefs and braves of the Miamis, the Delawares, the Shawnees, the Potawatomis, and the Wyandots be made slaves and landless men, to beg your food? Your Father the King bids you use the arms I have given you, now, tonight!

BLUE JACKET. Brothers. I am Wey-ah-peer-sen-wah the Shawnee, Blue Jacket the War Chief, and I speak for the Shawnees. The War Chief am I and I speak for war. Did not Harmar, the Long Knife, come here to this spot to slay us and our people? Did we not hide along his path and kill and scalp until few were left to tell the tale? I say, Death to them all! I have spoken.

BUCKONGEHELOS. Brothers. I am Buckongehelos the Lenni Lenape, the Breaker in Pieces, the War Chief of the Delawares. Did not St. Clair the Long Knife come to kill and to starve us? Did I not give the chieftainship to Mi-shi-kin-noq-kwa, The Little Turtle? Did we not fall upon him before the rising of the sun and before the sun was high did he not mount his horse and run away, he and all his men? Did we not chase him and his men many miles, though they were half again as many as we? Did we not kill a hundred, and two hundred, and three hundred? Shall we not do again what we did then? Death to them all, say I. I have spoken.

CAMPBELL. I am Major William Campbell, and with me are a hundred men from your Father the King. Have I not built a strong place, a fort, nearby, where you may come and rest and find arms and aid? Has not your Father the King sent me to you to do this? Have we not helped you before, when others came? And now, shall you not drive back this General Wayne who comes, as you drove back General Harmar and General St. Clair? Are you less brave now than you were then? Have your hearts grown faint, and your arms become the arms of women?

METEAH. I am Meteah the Potawatomi, Meteah the Sachem. I have fought and I have conquered. At Fort Recovery I fought when our Father the King sent his braves to fight with us. Some of the Long Knives, Wayne's men, we slew, but we came away and his strong place still stood. This Wayne is not Harmar or St. Clair, with a rabble that runs when we shoot. This is Wayne, whom our grandfathers the Delawares call the Black Snake, because he is careful, because he is wise. We took the others before him unawares, but have we taken him? Let us talk a long time before we fight this Black Snake who is wise. I have spoken.

GELELEMEND. I am Gelelemend the Delaware, the Leader of Delawares. True it is that the Black Snake is here. But if we do as he bids us, what will he do? Shall we not be driven far away, as we, the Delawares, have been driven from the salt water to these three rivers? Shall we give up without a blow, we who have won victories? Death to Wayne! death to them all! I have spoken.

THE LITTLE TURTLE. I am Mishikinnokwa the War Chief of the Miamis, The Little Turtle, the War Chief. Twice we have beaten the Long Knives. Twice you did my bidding, and twice we conquered. Is it not enough? The Americans come with a chief who never sleeps, Alomseng, the Wind, that never sleeps. Days and nights are alike to him. Our young men have watched and he has watched, and never have our young men surprised him. When did we win a victory without surprising our foe?

Think well of it. Something whispers me that we shall do well to listen to his words of peace. Think well of it.

TAR-KE. Brothers. I am Tar-ke, and I speak for war. What we have done we can do, again. I am for war. I have spoken.

THE LITTLE TURTLE. I would say more. My son, Apeconit, the white man, William Wells, has left me and my daughter, Sweet Breeze, his wife. He has gone to Alomseng, the Wind, he who sleeps with one eye open. He is wise, and he has made peace. I say to you that I would make peace. Seven suns ago Alomseng sent us one who bade us listen if we would save ourselves from death and our squaws and papposes from hunger. I say to you, Listen! I have spoken.

[A murmur, "Let us Listen," goes around.]

MCKEE. [To Campbell.] Would it not be wise to call The Little Turtle a coward and have done with him?

CAMPBELL. [To Le Gris.] Call The Little Turtle a coward, O Le Gris, the Grey One.

[Tecumseh, who has been edging his way through the circles of braves, bends over to listen.]

LE GRIS. [To Campbell.] That will I not, for I have fought beside him and he is both brave and wise. I who am brave know my brother.

TECUMSEH. [Forcing his way into the line of Chiefs.] That will I, Tecumseh the Shawnee. I have come from watching this Wayne. I say to you that we can beat him as we have beaten these others. I say to you that The Little Turtle has grown old, that his arm, once strong, is the arm of a girl—that his heart, once bold, is the heart of a woman. [Outcries from the Braves.] I say to you, Death to them all. Kill and scalp! When they bury their dead, dig them up and burn them. Kill the men that they may not kill us, kill their women that they may bear no men, kill their little ones that they may not grow up to be men and women! Kill them all!

[He flourishes his hatchet with loud cries from the Braves.]

METEAH. I say to you, Think long before you fight. The Little Turtle knows and Apeconit, his son, knows that peace must come, if not before defeat, than after defeat. Think long. Bury the hatchet.

[Loud cries from the Braves, "Never! Never! War! War!"]

THE LITTLE TURTLE. Have it so. I will lead you once more. I shall fight. I shall fight my best. But we do not surprise Wayne, Alomseng the Wind. Come, let us fight!

[The war-dance begins, with the loud strumming of the war-drums. The council fire dims after a little, and with loud whoops the Chiefs and Braves rush into the forest. As

they go, the Squaws begin to wail. The light goes out entirely. From a distance comes the sound of firing, both small arms and cannon. There are shrieks and war-whoops, and then the sound of American cheers. The Squaws begin to wail afresh. Presently, the Indians, utterly routed, run back and exit left and right, the noise of battle and the American cheers growing louder and louder. At the last, in a glare of light, General Wayne is seen on his white charger in the centre of the stage, the Flag borne beside him, as he says:

WAYNE. Hurrah, boys, the Fallen Timbers haven't stopped us! The day is ours. Three cheers for the Flag! We'll lock the Glorious Gateway of the West. And so for rest and peace.

[The light goes out as the Americans move forward. The light brightens, and shows the new Fort Wayne as it appeared early on the morning of October 22, 1794, the day of its dedication. The great door is half open, and there are sentries stationed beside it, and sentries on the ramparts. A flagstaff without its flag stands inside the Fort. There are trees at the sides and in the rear. Greateon is walking up and down outside the walls. Porter and Harrison come to him through the door of the fort, the Sentries saluting as they pass.]

GREATON. *[Saluting the other officers, who return the salute.]* Good morning, Captain Porter. A fine morning, Mr. Harrison.

PORTER. A fine day for the dedication of the Fort, Captain Greateon.

HARRISON. A good omen, gentlemen. We shall have a city here some day, now that the Indian question is beginning to look settled. You are staying here with the garrison, Captain Greateon?

GREATON. All we three are staying here, I believe. But here comes the General. He hasn't had a touch of the gout since he took horse on the morning of Fallen Timbers.

[Generals Wayne, Scott, and Posey come to them from within the Fort, everybody saluting.]

WAYNE. A fine October morning to you all, gentlemen. What better day to close the Gateway of the West.

HARRISON. Good fortune always attends you, General Wayne.

WAYNE. How about that, General Scott? Is it good fortune that comes? or honest effort that brings it?

SCOTT. Looking back to Monmouth, General, when you were the Leonidas at what might have been our Thermopylae—

WAYNE. Not good fortune there, man. Steuben drilling them through that bad winter at Valley Forge, Washington stationing us at the strategic point—eh, General Posey? You were at Monmouth, too.

POSEY. And I was at Stony Point with you as well, General. That was certainly more preparation than good luck.

WAYNE. So I think. It is not in our power to command success, but it is in our power to produce a conviction that we deserve it.

[The younger officers salute and go into the Fort. Captain Wells and Meteah, who have been rowing down the river to the landing and making their canoe fast, now reach the group of Generals. Wells salutes, and the salute is returned. Meteah stands gravely behind Wells, motionless and silent.]

WAYNE. You are out early, Captain Wells. Who is this you bring from your morning scout?

WELLS. Chief Meteah, sir, who is bringing a good word.

WAYNE. What is the word, younger brother?

METEAH. *[Now gravely saluting, to which the Generals respond in kind.]* Greetings, elder brother. The Little Turtle is nearby and would have speech with you.

SCOTT. *[To Wells.]* The Little Turtle is your father-in-law, isn't he?

WELLS. I married his daughter, sir. He has been a father to me.

POSEY. *[To Scott.]* Hadn't we better go, General?

[Scott and Posey salute and retire into the Fort.]

WAYNE. Where is The Little Turtle, younger brother?

METEAH. Elder brother, The Little Turtle and Sweet Breeze his daughter, my brother's wife, will come to you if you say the word.

WAYNE. It is a good word, younger brother, and I say it gladly.

[Meteah returns to the canoe and rows off up stream.]

WAYNE. The chiefs are well disposed to us now, Captain Wells?

WELLS. The Little Turtle and Meteah did not wish to fight you, General.

WAYNE. So I was given to understand. Their defeat at Fallen Timbers and our building of the Fort in defiance of the British must have counted for their return of influence, I take it.

WELLS. Yes, General. Except for a younger brave or two, they have the ear of all the tribes.

[Enter from the Fort, with a guard, Lieutenant-Colonel Hamtramck and Captain Kingsbury. All salute.]

WAYNE. Good morning, Colonel Hamtramck. Good morning, Captain Kingsbury.

BOTH. Good morning, General Wayne. Good morning, Captain Wells.

HAMTRAMCK. It looks like a good end to our old troubles, General.

WAYNE. A very good end, sir, a very good end indeed. The Fort here settles many problems. Ten years ago General Washington wrote that the Miami villages here point to a very important post for the Union.

KINGSBURY. If you will let me say so, sir, it was your handling of the troops before and during the fight that makes the Fort possible.

WAYNE. Not mine alone, Captain Kingsbury. Colonel Hamtramck here on the left wing of the Legion, your own gallant conduct, sir; not to mention those old comrades of mine, Generals Scott and Posey—all of you, sir, men of the Legion and men Kentucky—all of you, not forgetting Captain Wells.

THE THREE. [*Saluting.*] Thank you, General.

KINGSBURY. Some Indians are coming down the river, General.

[The Little Turtle and Mrs. Wells in a canoe rowed by Braves reach the landing, make fast, and come toward the Fort. Wells goes to meet them and returns with them.]

HAMTRAMCK. Do you wish me to remain with the men, General Wayne?

WAYNE. You may remain, Colonel. The men will not be needed. We have word of peace.

[Kingsbury places himself at the head of the guard, gives the word of command, and they pass around the Fort.]

HAMTRAMCK. We hear no more from the British, General. Yet I am told that General Knox gave his consent to your attacking them, if you thought it necessary.

WAYNE. It was not and will not be necessary, Colonel. That is The Little Turtle coming with the word of peace. What will the British do without the tribes behind them? [*To The Little Turtle.*] Younger brother, I shake your hand. You were a brave enemy and an able commander. May it be peace between us!

THE LITTLE TURTLE. Elder brother, it is peace. The Little Turtle is weary of much war.

WAYNE. This is your daughter, younger brother, the wife of our gallant captain of scouts here?

WELLS. General Wayne, Colonel Hamtramck, this is Sweet Breeze, my wife.

WAYNE. You are nobly connected, madam. What better can a woman have than to be the daughter, the wife, and, I hope, the mother, of brave men?

MRS. WELLS. Thank you, General Wayne. It is a good thought and better hope.

WAYNE. Younger brother, no one loves peace better than those who have fought. Are the tribes ready for treaty now?

THE LITTLE TURTLE. Elder brother, not yet. But when the British locked us out of their Fort after the Fallen Timbers, there was no chief in all the tribes but knew their tongue was the tongue of a snake. You, our elder brother, have never deceived us.

WAYNE. Younger brother, we shall look forward to a treaty, shall we not?

THE LITTLE TURTLE. Elder brother, the hour will soon come, and word of it will be sent. Meanwhile, The Little Turtle would leave his daughter with his elder brother.

[Wells starts to speak. Wayne silences him with a gesture.]

WAYNE. The daughter of the Little Turtle is at home where her husband is—may The Little Turtle soon find his home with her. But I notice The Little Turtle limps in his right foot. Is it a wound?

WELLS. It seems to be a touch of the gout, General Wayne.

HAMTRAMCK. That is the malady of a fine gentleman.

THE LITTLE TURTLE. The Little Turtle has always thought of himself as a gentleman, elder brothers.

[A ceremonious leavetaking follows. All accompany The Little Turtle to his boat. Wells, after she has bid her father good-bye, takes Mrs. Wells around the Fort. While this is taking place at the boat landing, the soldiers march out on parade. Posey and his staff head the Legion, which takes the right, Scott and the Kentucky Volunteers take the left, and Hamtramck, with Groaton, Porter, Kingsbury, and Harrison take the center with the garrison.]

KINGSBURY. Orders of the Day: It is ordered by Lieutenant-Colonel John F. Hamtramck, commandant, that the fort newly erected on the site of the old Miami villages be, and hereby is, named Fort Wayne.

HAMTRAMCK. Mr. Harrison, the flag.

[Harrison, in readiness, gives the word, and the flag with fifteen stripes and fifteen stars rises to the top of the staff, the soldiers cheering.]

HAMTRAMCK. Captain Porter, the salute.

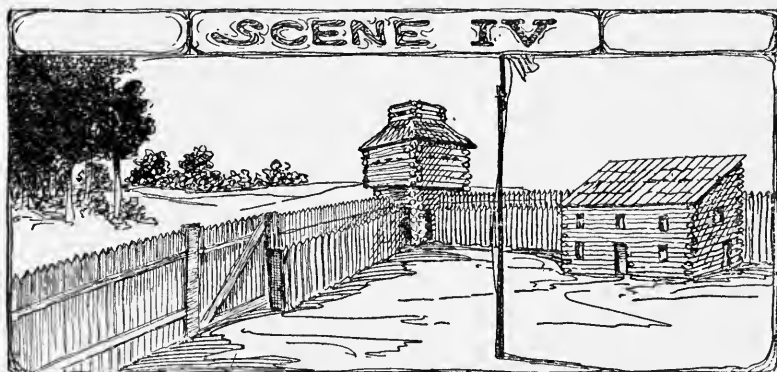
[While fifteen guns boom out, there are general cheers and congratulations among the officers, as the light dims to darkness.]

(Intermission of Fifteen Minutes)

Scene IV.

SCENE IV
CHARACTERS

MAJOR B. F. STICKNEY, Indian Agent
MRS. ANGELINE CHAPETEAU PELTIER (Wife of James Peltier)
MRS. CURTIS
CAPTAIN JAMES RHEA
LIEUTENANT PHILIP OSTANDER
LIEUTENANT CURTIS
SERGEANT KING
A SENTRY
WILLIAM OLIVER
LOGAN
COLONEL JOHN ALLEN
COLONEL ADAMS
COLONEL HAWKINS
GENERAL WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON



SCENE IV—PROLOGUE

THUNDERHEAD

Swiftly the stream of Time flows on his course
 Swollen with big events. Within the year
 The Little Turtle makes his solemn peace,
 And from my people, the Miamis, pass
 Their age-long sovereignty and might for ever.
 The banner of the Briton falls. Your West
 Is saved, and Indiana comes to be,
 On far horizons faintly glimmering.
 Hereto in amity the Tribes resort
 Not once, but twice, to sign away their lands.
 Your daughter, Illinois, has fortunate birth.
 Tecumseh, gallant chief, fights hard to hold
 The country of our forefathers of yore.
 But Harrison strikes down his Prophet's power,
 Tippecanoe its passing bell; our braves
 With England make their unavailing stand,
 The Little Turtle being dead and gone.
 Success comes easily when first we fight:
 Fort Dearborn falls in blood, Detroit yields—
 Deceitful omens, luring us to death,
 As here once more War's horrent fire is bright.

SCENE IV. *At the end of the chorus speech, the lights again brighten very gradually on the greater stage, disclosing Fort Wayne as it appeared on the morning of September 10, 1812.*

At the left are two or three small houses, and behind them a line of stockade which turns near the center of the stage and comes down to the water edge.

Near the angle of the stockade is a large gate flanked by a blockhouse of logs.

Near the gate there is a platform along the inner side of the stockade upon which a sentry is passing up and down.

The portion of the stage to the right of the stockade represents the ground outside the fort.

Sergeant King enters from the left with a squad of six soldiers and relieves the sentry stationed upon the platform and the one on duty at the main gate. As the squad is about to march off again to the left, Mrs. Peltier and Mrs. Curtis enter, also from the left.

MRS. PELTIER. Good morning, Sergeant King. Has anything happened in the night?

KING. [*Saluting.*] Nothing except a lot of yelling from down Black Swamp way.

MRS. CURTIS. Do you think the British have come to reinforce the Indians after all?

[As the Sergeant stops to chat with the two women his squad breaks rank. Some gather round as if to join in the conversation, others take out their pipes and one man takes a red handkerchief from his hat and wipes his face with it.]

KING. I reckon we'll find out quick enough if they have, Mrs. Curtis.

[Lieutenant Curtis enters from the blockhouse, followed by Lieutenant Ostrander.]

CURTIS. [*Catching sight of King and the group around him.*] Attention, Sergeant! What do you mean by letting your men break ranks before you've finished relieving the guard?

[The sergeant and his squad come half heartedly to semblance of order.]

MRS. PELTIER. It isn't his fault, Lieutenant Curtis. We were asking him questions.

CURTIS. You seem to forget—

MRS. CURTIS. My dear, you mustn't be rude.

CURTIS. I say, you seem to forget that this is the frontier and not a lawn party in Detroit or Philadelphia.

OSTRANDER. Well, Sergeant, what are you awaiting for?

KING. I dunno exactly.

CURTIS. Then, fall in everybody.

KING. [*To the man.*] Fall in there. Left, forward, fours, left, hip, hip!

[*The squad marches off to the left.*]

MRS. CURTIS. You needn't be so cross.

CURTIS. [*Turning to her.*] The trouble with you women is that you don't seem to realize there's any such thing as discipline in this fort, or any such thing as Indians outside of it. Captain Wells and his men have been slaughtered at Fort Dearborn and General Hull has surrendered Detroit. If Fort Wayne falls, the whole frontier is wide open.

MRS. PELTIER. Oh, come now, you know yourself the fort hasn't even been fired on for nearly three days. We have to make a little fun when we can.

[*Just as she speaks there is a faint crack of a rifle from the woods at the right and the sentry on the platform crumples up and rolls to the ground, Ostrander springs up the steps, seizes the fallen sentry's rifle and peers cautiously over the stockade. Curtis and the two women run to the fallen man. Mrs. Peltier lifts his head to her knees and Curtis is examining his wound as Major Stickney, followed by Captain Rhea and William Oliver, emerges from the largest of the two houses.*]

STICKNEY. Well, Lieutenant Curtis, what's going on here?

CURTIS. [*Rising and saluting.*] The men have been getting mighty careless lately, Major Stickney. This fellow's been the worst of the lot. I guess he'll know better next time.

STICKNEY. Then he isn't dead?

MRS. PELTIER. No, sir, just stunned with a spent bullet.

STICKNEY. [*To Ostrander.*] Can you see anything moving, Mr. Ostrander?

OSTRANDER. No, Major. By Jove, yes, I do! They're coming. Call the garrison!

[*There are loud whoops and the crack of rifles without.*]

STICKNEY. All out there! The Indians are coming! Oliver, get 'em out! Give me a rifle!

[*Oliver calls out the men, helped by Curtis. Mrs. Peltier and Mrs. Curtis take rifles and begin to load them as the men fire from the platform. Rhea stands useless, doing nothing. Gradually the whooping of the Indians and the firing dies out.*]

OSTRANDER. Hot work while it lasted. They're back in the woods. Anybody hurt? [*The garrison resumes its more peaceful aspect.*]

STICKNEY. Have the wounded man taken into the grain store house, Curtis, and send a sentry to relieve Lieutenant Ostrander.

CURTIS. [*Saluting.*] Yes, sir.

[*Under Curtis's directions two privates remove the wounded man to the smaller of the two houses. The women follow. A Sentry replaces Ostrander on the platform.*]

RHEA. [*Who has been looking on sullenly while Stickney gives his orders.*] I must remind you again, Major Stickney, that I am the military commander of this post. When you give orders to the officers or soldiers you are exceeding your authority as Indian Agent.

STICKNEY. If I had not exceeded my authority in the first place, Captain Rhea, there would have been nothing left of this fort but a heap of charred and blood-stained logs.

OLIVER. I reckon that's about right, Captain.

STICKNEY. You knew that General Hull had surrendered to the British at Detroit with his entire army. You were warned by Bondie that the tribes had formed a league against the United States government under the leadership of Tecumseh, and that General Proctor and Major Muir had promised to support them with British artillery if they would besiege Fort Wayne and Fort Harrison. You knew this and yet you failed to make even reasonable preparations for the siege.

RHEA. I refused to be held accountable by you for my actions.

STICKNEY. When General Harrison's army arrives, I shall make the fullest report of everything that has taken place.

[*Rhea folds his arms sullenly.*]

MRS. PELTIER. Do you think that General Harrison is really on his way to relieve us, Mr. Oliver?

OLIVER. Yes, ma'am. When I left Cincinnati, there were already twelve hundred Ohio troops concentrated at Urbana. They were only waiting for reinforcements from Kentucky and to know that the fort was still holding out before pushing on to raise the siege.

STICKNEY. It is two weeks since Mr. Oliver and Logan broke through the enemy and joined us. It is ten days since Logan slipped out again with letters to General Harrison and Governor Meigs.

RHEA. Rubbish! Logan's an Indian. As likely as not he's taken your letters straight to the British.

OLIVER. Logan is a brave, honorable man, Captain Rhea. I wish I could say as much for every officer in this garrison.

RHEA. [*Taking a step toward him.*] By gad, sir!

STICKNEY. Stop, gentleman, this is no time for personal quarrels.

[*Rhea turns and walks into the blockhouse. At the same moment the Sentry on the platform suddenly becomes alert.*]

THE SENTRY. There's a man crawling along the dry ditch beyond the ruins of Bondie's cabin.

[Ostrander again springs up the steps of the platform, just as the Sentry raises his gun and fires.]

THE SENTRY. *[In disgust.]* Missed, by cricky! I knew she wouldn't carry three hundred yards.

OSTRANDER. *[Looking over the stockade.]* He's jumped up to make a run for it.

THE SENTRY. Hey! Somebody pass me up one of them loaded guns.

[One of the women hands up a rifle from a rack below.]

OSTRANDER. Hell! He's running toward the fort. They're shooting at him from the woods.

THE SENTRY. *[Putting down his gun.]* Well, I'll be —

OLIVER. *[Who has joined Ostrander.]* They've got him! He's down!

THE SENTRY. No, he isn't! Look!

OLIVER. Hurrah, boys! It's Logan came back!

STICKNEY. Open the gate for him.

[King and three or four soldiers make a rush to the gates and open them just as Logan staggers across the open space at the right. As he enters the gates are closed after him and he is immediately surrounded by the officers and men, Oliver who has jumped down from the platform being the first to wring his hand.]

OLIVER. Well, brother Logan, what's the news?

LOGAN. Good news.

[Cheers from the soldiers. More soldiers and settlers and several women and children come running in from the left.]

They're coming! *[More cheers.]* The army was at St. Mary's day before yesterday. Fifteen hundred Kentucky volunteers under General Harrison.

[More cheers and cries of "Old Kentuck!" Hurrah, they're coming," etc. Stickney lifts his hand for silence.]

LOGAN. Yesterday we were joined by two hundred mounted Ohio troops and two regiments under Colonel Adams and Colonel Hawkins at Shane's Crossing, making thirty-five hundred men in all.

[Cheers. Again Stickney holds up his hand. There is the sound of firing in the distance.]

LOGAN. They're driving the Indians out of the Black Swamp now.

KING. *[Waving his hat.]* Hurrah, boys! They'll be here in no time.

[The soldiers begin tossing their hats in the air. In the distance, fifes and drums are heard playing Yankee Doodle. The music grows gradually louder. As it does so, the soldiers and settlers fling open the gates and crowd up on the platform to look over the stockade. The stage is almost filled with men and women and children. A squad of Ohio Volunteers enters from across the open space at the right and stand at attention beside the gate. They are followed by General Harrison and a number of officers, among whom are Colonel Allen, Colonel Hawkins, and Colonel Adams. The General and the other officers enter the fort where Curtis and Ostrander have hurriedly drawn up part of the garrison at attention, behind Stickney and William Oliver. Stickney advances and takes Harrison's hand.]

STICKNEY. I presume, sir, that I have the honor of addressing General William Henry Harrison.

HARRISON. Yes, sir. And you are Major Stickney. I congratulate you sir, upon holding this fort with eighty privates and non-commissioned officers and two lieutenants, against fifteen hundred Indians.

STICKNEY. We have done our best, sir, under the circumstances.

HARRISON. *[Introducing his companion.]* This is Colonel Hawkins. This is Colonel Adams and this is Colonel John Allen of Kentucky, to whom I am indebted for most valuable services. Gentlemen, Major Stickney and his comrades have held for the United States one of the most valuable points on the whole frontier. Some day when your grandchildren have seen a beautiful city grow up at the forks of these rivers, they will be glad to honor him and these soldiers for keeping safe the key of the southwest.

[The lights go out.]

Scene V.

SCENE V

CHARACTERS

MAJOR JOSIAH N. VOSE, 5th Infantry, U. S. A., commandant

SAMUEL HANNA

MAJOR B. F. STICKNEY, Indian Agent

WILLIAM SUTTENFIELD

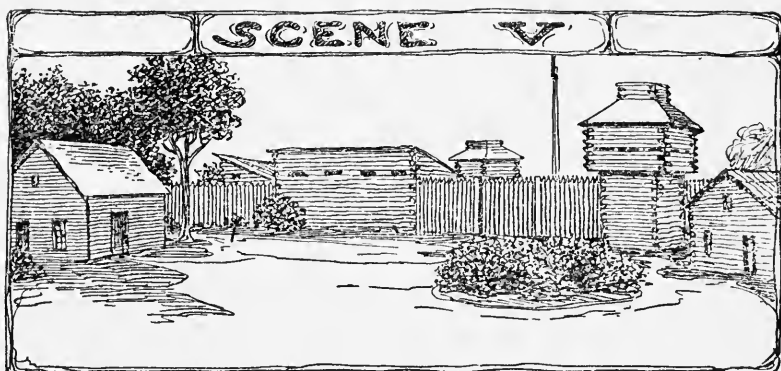
LAURA SUTTENFIELD, his wife

JAMES PELTIER

ANGELINE CHAPETEAU PELTIER, his wife

CHIEF RICHARDVILLE, Chief of the Miamis

LIEUTENANT CLARK, 5th Infantry, U. S. A.



SCENE V—PROLOGUE

THUNDERHEAD

No longer to this pleasant place is brought
Battle and sudden death. Ye call it peace—
A sorry peace for us, as sadly wends
The long procession of my people down
Toward the setting sun, the while your State
Sets her proud star upon your Flag. We go;
And these primeval forests hear the ax
Of many a pioneer, who hacks and hews
To bring to grief great trees that once were ours.
Theirs were no easy tasks; and ye who sit
Under these spangled skies tonight and breathe
The air of comfort and content should not
Forget their high endeavor. Every foot
Of this your town by tears and sweat was made
To smile and yield its harvest unto you,
That ye may rear tall houses long to stand
Where our frail tepees were—and are no more.
As mothers here not long since brought their babes
To birth, alone, your civilization came
Through lonely travail unto glowing life.
For me and mine is midnight, starless, dark;
For you the noonday splendor of the sun.

SCENE V *Fort Wayne appears in the afternoon of April 19, 1819, the day of its abandonment as a military post, much as it did in 1794, the rebuilding by Major Whistler in 1814 being little more than a replacement of outworn material by new, with the exception of the gardens on either side of it, bright with early flowers, and the placing of the flagstaff outside its walls, upon which the flag of twenty-one stars and thirteen stripes is flying, under which a small cannon stands. There is a sentry at the open gateway of the Fort, through which soldiers in undress uniform are passing, laden with boxes, bundles of bedding, and the like, which they are stowing away in batteaux lying at the landing down stream. At the upper landing a pirogue is making fast, from which frontiersmen are taking small bales of furs into the trader's cabin, which stands to the side and in advance of the Fort. Small knots of citizens are discussing the approaching departure of the soldiers, several young women among them, who disconsolately watch certain of the soldiers.*

VOSE [*In the intervals of directing his men*]. Well, Major Stickney, you must be feeling that Fort Wayne has outgrown its long clothes.

STICKNEY. By gad, Vose, it is a long way from a frontier fort in hostile Indian country to the beginning of a thriving metropolis in the great State of Indiana!

MRS. PELTIER. Would you call it a metropolis, Major Stickney? It's just going to lose more than half of its inhabitants.

STICKNEY. It doesn't make much difference what we call it now, Mrs. Peltier, ma'am, it's going to be some day. The portage that set the Miami villages here is going to make a city of it.

VOSE. I'm sure I hope so, for the sake of all the dear friends I'm leaving behind.

SUTTENFIELD. You've all heard Captain Wells say long ago that there's going to be a canal connecting the Wabash with the Maumee here. There won't have to be any toting done at all then; water carriage all the way from New Orleans to the Great Lakes!

MRS. SUTTENFIELD. William Sutenfield, *you* will have to do some toting if you expect anybody in the tavern to have hot bread for supper. There isn't a speck of flour in the house.

SUTTENFIELD. All right, Laura. I'll go over to the store and get some right away. [*To Vose.*] Where are you going from here, Major—to Detroit?

VOSE. We drop down the Maumee to Port Lawrence, William, first; there's part of your voyage from New Orleans to the Great Lakes.

SUTTENFIELD. Now I shouldn't be surprised if we had another canal to Maumee Bay some day; the water in the river is giving out, and we'll have to have it. [*A little girl tugs at his coat.*] Oh, yes, that flour. I'll get it right away, my dear. [*To Mrs. Peltier.*] Now, don't you think we're going to have a canal, Angeline.

MRS. PELTIER. My husband does, anyway. Here he comes now.

PELTIER. [*Coming to join the group.*] I wonder if anybody's thought to tell Chief Richardville about the garrison's going away today.

VOSE. Both Major Stickney and myself have attended to that, Peltier. [*To two soldiers who are having trouble with a largish box.*] There, men, handle that carefully; there's glassware in it. For heaven's sake don't drop it.

[*The box falls with a crash.*]

PELTIER. Breakables have about as much chance with all those girls standing around as a man that keeps chickens has to finish his dinner when the sky's full of hen-hawks.

SUTTENFIELD. I've just been talking about the canal across the portage here, Jimi. [*A small boy tugs at his coat. He puts his head down to hear the message.*] By jing, I clean forgot that flour!

[*He goes into the trader's cabin and presently comes out with a sack of flour and goes off to the left.*]

[*A bugle call sounds from the Fort. The soldiers stow away the last of their packages and, followed by Vose, retire into the Fort. Presently they return in dress uniform and are joined by the young women; most earnest conversation of a private nature ensues.*]

STICKNEY. It's going to make a lot of difference to me—those soldiers going away, folks.

MRS. PELTIER. It's going to make a lot of difference to everybody. I can't bear to think of the old Fort's being deserted. I've had good times there, from before the siege right on.

SUTTENFIELD. [*Returning to the group.*] We'll miss the fifes and drums a-playing every day.

PELTIER. We'll miss Major Vose, too; he's a Christian gentleman if ever there was one.

MRS. SUTTENFIELD. I don't know what we're going to do for religious services when the Major goes away and gives up those he's been having ever since he came.

[*The two women show signs of tears.*]

STICKNEY. Well, I don't know as we can help it any. For gad's sake, you girls, don't cry.

PELTIER. Angeline, crying about it won't keep 'em here. Besides, it always spoils your pretty eyes, my dear.

SUTTENFIELD. We ought to give them some sort of send-off—a speech, or something like that.

STICKNEY. Here comes young Hanna, now; he's the very fellow to do it. [*Hanna enters from the right, and they all hail him.*] Say, Samuel, Bill here is suggesting you make a speech to Major Vose and the soldiers before they go.

MRS. PELTIER. Do, Mr. Hanna; we haven't heard a real speech for ages.

MRS. SUTTENFIELD. William here can tell you a lot of things to say—about the canal, for instance.

HANNA. But there *are* a lot of things to say, friends. Today is the forty-fourth anniversary of the fight at Lexington, for one thing.

STICKNEY. By gad, it doesn't seem possible it happened as long ago as that!

SUTTENFIELD. It is, isn't it? The nineteenth of April; 1775 from 1819 is 44. You're right, Samuel.

MRS. SUTTENFIELD. But he knew he was right before he said anything. He doesn't just open his mouth and let it say what it likes, like some.

PELTIER. You'd better let Hanna alone, all of you. He'll know what to say. Here's Chief Richardville coming with his braves in full toggerly now.

[Enter Richardville, with a small band of Indians. There are mutual greetings. A bugle sounds from within the Fort. The soldiers without make an appropriate end to their philanderings and hasten within.]

STICKNEY. Is it as late as that? Well, they'll be starting in a minute or so now.

[There is a sound of fifes and drums from within. The garrison marches out through the gates of the Fort. They come into formation about the flag and cannon. Clark and soldiers stand by ready to salute the colors. The townspeople throng in.]

HANNA [*Stepping forward as the garrison comes into formation.*] Major Voss, officers and men. On behalf of these our fellow-citizens, and of myself, I wish to bid you all godspeed. When this Fort was built, it was to guard a long frontier from British depredation and attack. Wise treaties have long granted us here in Fort Wayne a peace so secure that it is no longer necessary we should be so guarded. Yet, without the courage and the wisdom that have marked all the dealings of the officers of our gallant army from General Wayne's time to the present, this peace could not have come to us. Now it has come, and we pray it will be lasting. May you, in accepting from a grateful people the thanks which I so feebly express, be guided by every good fortune this world may know into a safe haven in

the world beyond! May your journey from this spot be speedy and prosperous, and may you be assured through long and happy years that you place in our hearts is secure!

[*Applause and cheers.*]

VOSE. Mr. Hanna, ladies and gentlemen, speaking for myself and my command, I wish to thank you one and all for this farewell expression of your regard, and for innumerable acts of courtesy and kindness which shall always have a place in our memory. And now, in parting, may I offer up a prayer to Almighty God for us all? O God, the Father of all men, who hast long watched over and protected Thy servants, continue, we beseech Thee, Thy divine protection. Bless these Thy people of Fort Wayne in all their comings and goings. Bless these Indians, Thy children, the last survivors of a mighty race upon these lands of their forefathers. Bless these soldiers and the country which they serve, and grant it a lasting peace. Bless this new State of Indiana and give it prosperity and true happiness. Bless this meeting place of the three rivers and prosper it and all who shall come to it to make them a home, now and for ever. Amen.

[*Clark, who has been waiting, watch in hand, gives the command. The Flag comes down, all saluting, the cannon booms, and the fifes and drums strike up "Hail Columbia." The soldiers run the cannon down to the bateaux in waiting, while there are partings and handshakings between the officers and townspeople. The entire command embarks and the bateaux move down stream into the dimming light. The young women weep in the intervals of handkerchief waving, and as the last of the bateaux is disappearing in the darkness the fifers and drummers aboard it strike up "The Girl I Left Behind Me."*]

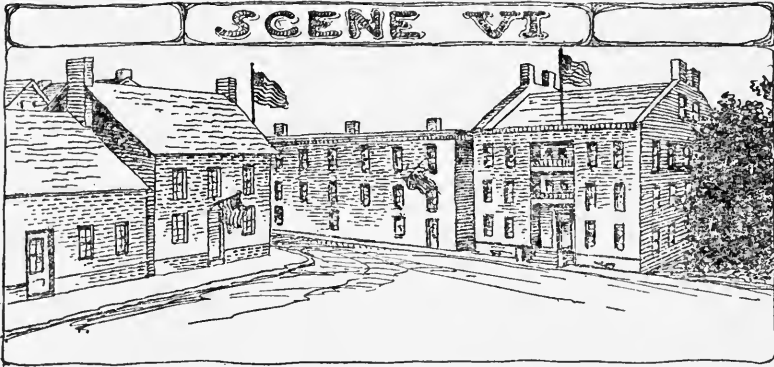
[*The light brightens, to show Indian children in buckskin coming stealthily into view in all directions, eventually gathering in the center to dance. French children with blue sashes on which are golden fleurs-de-lys come from the right, dance by themselves and then with the Indians. English children with white sashes showing the red cross of St. George follow from the left, dance by themselves, then with the others. From the gates of the deserted Fort come children with sashes showing the Stars and Stripes, who do as others have before them. Around one corner of the Fort come children with green sashes, around the other children with red, white, and black sashes, who go through the same evolutions. At last, another group of children bearing many sashes with the Stars and Stripes march from the Fort, escorting maidens with the Flags of the United States, of Indiana, and of Fort Wayne. These distribute the American sashes to all the others, who place them over those previously worn, after saluting and kneeling to the Flags, as the lights dim and go out.]*

BALLET
of
FORT WAYNE
Directed by
MISS MURIEL LARIMORE

Scene VI.

SCENE VI
CHARACTERS

HENRY W. LAWTON
WILLIAM P. SEGUR
WILLIAM H. LINK
GEORGE HUMPHREY
FRANKLIN P. RANDALL, Mayor of Fort Wayne
HUGH McCULLOCH
ALLEN HAMILTON
MORGAN FRENCH



SCENE VI—PROLOGUE

THUNDERHEAD

Distant the roll of war's tremendous drums,
 Yet gladly your tall men go hence to death.
 From Mexico an empire vast is won;
 When nearer sounds the clangorous call to arms:
 The Union of your council-fires proves not
 So strong men will not test its bond; it holds;
 To come to Union firmer still. Glorious
 The story, noble your participation.
 Meanwhile Peace her smiling victory gains:
 Broad waterways with commerce lace the land,
 And the old portage passes here at last.
 Canals give place to lengthening iron bands
 Whereon laborious iron monsters shriek—
 Iron, a miracle once!—and slender wires
 Along the sky link shore to farthest shore,
 Annihilating time, and great machines,
 A thousand handed, toil that men may rest.
 My place knows me no more, and so, farewell.
 An hundred years and I may come again.
 Your Indiana, lovelier in the bloom
 Of fivescore summers than your growing girls
 And wiser than your wise old women, stands
 Secure. God guard her and you all. Farewell!

SCENE VI. *A busy street corner in the city of Fort Wayne on April 16, 1861. The streets meeting there run from it at a rather obtuse angle into the distance. There are many in the streets and flags with thirty-one stars are beginning to be displayed in shop windows and from the stories above. The excitement of the news from Fort Sumter and immediate war is upon everybody. Earnest conversation about the insult to the Flag is being had on all sides, every aspect of the case is discussed seriously, and there is great eagerness to learn more. Newsboys with the latest editions, crying "Extra! Fort Sumner surrendered! Lincoln calls for troops!" and similar information, are surrounded, and their papers immediately bought. Down from the corner, where all the dialogue is spoken, is a doorway leading to Hedekin Hall, where a meeting for purposes of enlistment has been called by three of the leading men of the town.*

SEGUR [*Meeting Lawton at the corner and shaking his hand.*] This is bad news, Henry Lawton. It means war.

LAWTON. It means war, Mr. Segur. If the South goes out and divides the country, it won't be a country at all.

LINK [*Joining them*]. I'm for the Union, boys. Perhaps the South has a right to secede. The question is, have we a right to let her?

LAWTON. You're right, Mr. Link. What our fathers did before us we'll have to do for our children—not that *I* have any children; I'm pretty much alone in the world.

FRENCH [*Coming to them*]. Why, Henry Lawton, aren't you going to work today?

LAWTON. No; Mr. French; I was going to the mill to let you know before I left.

FRENCH. Before you left?

LAWTON. Yes, sir; I'm going to enlist.

SEGUR and LINK. Good, Henry. We'll be glad to have you along.

FRENCH. Are you both enlisting?

SEGUR. I am. If the Flag is worth living for, it's worth fighting for.

LINK. And it's worth dying for. I'm going too, Mr. French.

LAWTON [*Glancing at a Flag overhead*]. It's worth every drop of blood in my veins—in every American boy's veins.

HUMPHREY [*Joining them, newspaper in hand*]. Here's what we're looking for, boys. I take it you're going to enlist?

SEGUR. Of course I am.

LAWTON and LINK. So am I.

FRENCH. I suppose I've got to stay at home and make blankets for the soldiers. They've got to have blankets.

SEGUR. That will be fighting for the Flag too, Mr. French. Only we young fellows will fight 'em with guns and bayonets and you'll fight 'em with blankets. It'll be fighting just the same.

FRENCH. I'm going to see about it now. I've just thought of something. Good-bye. I'll see you before you go, Henry. Sorry to lose you at the mills. We'll miss you.

HUMPHREY [*After finding the place in his newspaper*]. Here it is. A call by Major Franklin P. Randall, Allen Hamilton, and Hugh McCulloch for a meeting in Hedekin Hall for the purpose of raising a company from Fort Wayne for immediate service.

LAWTON. You've read President Lincoln's proclamation?

SEGUR. I have. It sounds like bugles blowing to me.

LINK. So have I—and Governor Morton's. That's what started me down here.

HUMPHREY. Here they come now. I wonder if they'll go up in the hall first.

[Randall, Hamilton, and McCulloch come down the street together, followed by determined-looking young men. The crowd, as they come toward the corner, cheer intermittently.]

RANDALL. William Segur, I'm glad to see you and Humphrey and Link here first. We need men like you.

SEGUR. We read your call for the meeting, Mr. Mayor. Here's Henry Lawton, that works for Mr. French in the woolen mills. He's just quit his job.

MCCULLOCH. You're going to enlist, are you, Lawton? That's good. [*He shakes hands with Lawton, who looks a little abashed.*]

HAMILTON. We think it would be a good thing to read the President's and Governor's Proclamations here on the corner where the crowd is thickest, Link. Can you give us something to stand on?

[Link goes into a store close by and comes out with a solid box, which he sets in place. The crowd, with some intending to enlist and others merely curious, grows thicker and soon extends into the roadway. Policemen are seen coming down the street.]

HUMPHREY. There isn't going to be any trouble getting men enough, Mr. McCulloch.

MCCULLOCH. I hope not. Lawton, you might stand in the door to the hall there, and show everybody the way up.

[Lawton goes to the doorway near by.]

RANDALL [*Mounting the box*]. Fellow-citizens, it is the gravest moment in the history of our common country. We did not make war, but we are already at war. We must fight, and to

fight we must have soldiers. Let me read to you what President Lincoln proclaimed day before yesterday: "Whereas, the laws of the United States have been for some time past, and now are, opposed, and the execution thereof obstructed, in the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas, by combinations too powerful to be suppressed by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings, or by the powers vested in the marshals by law:

"Now, therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, in virtue of the power in me vested by the Constitution and the Laws, have thought fit to call forth, and hereby do call forth, the militia of the several States of the Union, to the aggregate number of seventy-five thousand, in order to suppress said combinations, and to cause the laws to be duly executed." There is more of it, but that's all we need to know now. [*He steps doen, while the crowd cheers.*]

MCCULLOCH [*Taking his place on the box*]. And this is what Governor Morton replied by telegraph yesterday: "Indianapolis, April 15, 1861. To Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States: On behalf of the State of Indiana, I tender you for the defence of the nation, and to uphold the authority of the government, ten thousand men. Oliver P. Morton, Governor of Indiana." [*Loud cheers from the crowd.*]

HAMILTON [*Taking his place on the box*]. Boys, that ought to make us proud of Indiana; and Governor Morton's Proclamation today will make us prouder: "Whereas, An armed rebellion has been organized in certain States of this Union, having for its purpose the overthrow of the Government of the United States;

"And whereas, The authors and movers in this rebellion have seized, by violence, various forts and arsenals belonging to the United States, and otherwise plundered the Government of large amounts of money and valuable property;

"And whereas, Fort Sumter, a fortress belonging to the United States, the exclusive possession and jurisdiction over which was vested in the General Government by the Constitution of the United States, has been besieged by a large army and assaulted by a destructive cannonade and reduced to submission, and the National Flag hauled down and dishonored;

"And whereas, the President of the United States, in the exercise of the power vested in him by the Federal Constitution, has called upon the several States remaining true to their allegiance to aid him in the enforcement of the laws, the recovery of the National property, and the maintenance of the rightful authority of the United States;

"Now, therefore, I, Oliver P. Morton, Governor of the State of Indiana, call upon the lawful and patriotic men of

this State, to the number of six regiments, to organize themselves into military companies, and forthwith report the same to the Adjutant-General, in order that they may be speedily mustered into the service of the United States. Oliver P. Morton, Governor." We want an immediate response to this not in words, but in men. We are going up into the Hall to take down the names of those who are ready and willing to keep Allen County right in the eyes of our President and our Governor. All who want to help the Union, follow us!

[Randall, McCulloch, Hamilton, Segur, and Link lead the way through the doorway past Lawton, and many others stream up from the crowd. As they are going in a voice from the street, "To hell with the Union." There is an immediate outbreak, McCulloch running back with some of the men from the Hall and others running out from the stores, while many come running down the streets. The policemen shoulder their way into the crowd amid cries of "Here he is! Come and get him! Put him in jail!" As they bring out a sadly battered looking man there are cries of "Hang him! Hang the traitor! Lynch him! Lynch him!"

MCCULLOCH *[Mounting the box]*. The law will take care of him, boys. Leave him alone. *[The crowd, which has been trying to get its hands on the Secessionist again, desists, and returns to hear what McCulloch has to say.]* The way to reply to a traitor like that, boys, isn't to beat him. That won't save the Union. Go upstairs and enlist to beat the men who agree with him down South. That will do some good. They're the ones to fight—and we've got to beat them! Go upstairs! Let the storm blow! Let traitors rage! Let the despots of Europe imagine a vain thing! Liberty is still with us a living principle; the Union, though assailed, a reality—bound and cemented as it was by the blood of the Revolution, it is indissoluble and imperishable. *[Cries of "Good! Good! We're going up!" and many more pass through the doorway where Lawton stands. There is an attempt on the part of others who intend going up to force unwilling spectators to join them in enlisting.]* There, there, boys, be patient, be patient! There's plenty of time. The men are enlisting for ninety days, and those won't be up for three months yet. There'll be plenty of time.

[The forcible persuasion ends and many who have been alarmed by it leave the crowd and go their ways, their places being taken by newcomers immediately.]

A VOICE *[From the street]*. What are you going to do with the men when you get them, McCulloch?

MCCULLOCH. They're going to take the first train they can get to Indianapolis, and drill there. There's no time to lose if we're going to teach the South its lesson in ninety days.

A VOICE [*From the street*]. It'll take that long, anyway.

[*There are mutterings in the crowd, and attempts to discover who made the remark. Women are seen coming down the streets. Rousing cheers come from the open windows of the Hall above. The crowd below cheers in answer.*

HUMPHREY [*Appearing at the window above and waving a flag, while the crowd cheers the flag for a moment more.*] Hurrah, boys, the company's filled already! We've got our ninety men—and more!

[*Those who were on their way to the Hall from the street are met in the doorway by Segur and Link coming down, followed by the rest. These pass out into the street and begin forming in line.*]

MCCULLOCH. What's the news?

SEGUR. We've elected our officers, Mr. McCulloch.

LINK. We've elected Segur captain.

SEGUR. And Whitman first lieutenant. And Story second lieutenant. [*The crowd cheers.*]

LAWTON [*Leaving the doorway with Humphrey as he comes down*]. Is the company full? Didn't they leave a place for me?

HUMPHREY. Heavens, man, they've made you first duty sergeant!

SEGUR. Here, men, fall in, fall in! Mark time there. Hep! Hep! Hep!

[*The newly elected officers range the men in line as best they can. The women come forward with bundles for their men, just enlisted. Lawton stands to one side, lonely and watching wistfully, everybody else seeming to have some girl or woman to look after him. The crowd cheers from time to time, picking out an officer by name and cheering him. The leavetaking is ending and the company ready to move up the street to the right, officers and men pretty well in place.*]

FRENCH [*Coming breathlessly to Lawton with a pair of new blankets*]. Here, Henry, take these. They'll keep you warm some frosty night. Good-bye and good luck to you.

[*Wrings Lawton's hand.*]

LAWTON. God bless you, Mr. French! I thought nobody cared whether I came or went. I'll never forget it.

[*Lawton takes his place in the ranks, and the Company moves up the street, the crowd following and cheering as the light dims to darkness.*

[*The light brightens again upon sidewalks filled with expectant men and women. From the far distance, right, there sounds the blare of the bugles and the roll of drums. Down comes a full regimental band with bugle, fife and drum*

corps, followed by the regiment, officers mounted, colors waving, all in heavy marching order, amid waving of flags and cheers from the crowd. The band is playing the Battle Hymn of the Republic and the men are singing the words as they march past, turn the corner and disappear in the distance left.]

[The light dims again, and goes out, to shine upon the platform of the Prophet. There stands Indiana as the Goddess of Liberty, the Flag in one hand, and a shield with the coat-of-arms of the State in the other. On either side of her stand a Sailor and Soldier fully armed and equipped. Together they sing, leading the audience, standing, in "The Star-Spangled Banner," while along the stage rises a white mast on which the Flag with forty-eight stars is resplendent.]

OUTLINE OF CENTENNIAL
CELEBRATION PROGRAM
FORT WAYNE, INDIANA
JUNE 5 TO 10, 1916

MONDAY, JUNE 5—Opening of Fort Wayne Industrial Exposition. Two miles of exhibits. Many big circus acts.

TUESDAY, JUNE 6—Opening of Celebration proper. "Fraternal Day" parades and demonstration of fraternal societies. Opening presentation of "America's Greatest Pageant."

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 7—"Home-coming Day." Special sightseeing trip for home-comers. Pageant at night.

THURSDAY, JUNE 8—"Woman's Day." Hon. W. H. Taft and Governor Samuel M. Ralston speak at Pageant Grounds. Great floral automobile parade and other features in afternoon. Closing presentation of pageant.

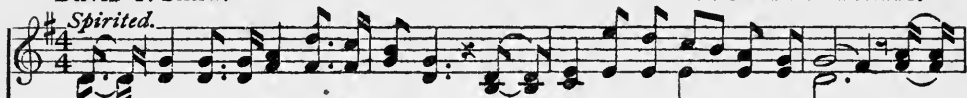
FRIDAY, JUNE 9—"Musical and Carnival Day." Band contests and other special features.

SATURDAY, JUNE 10—Closing day of Fort Wayne Industrial Exposition.

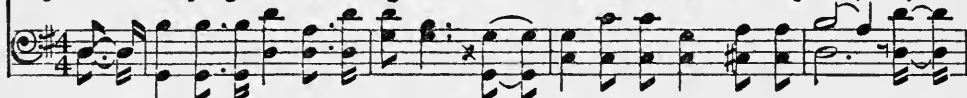
COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN.

DAVID T. SHAW.

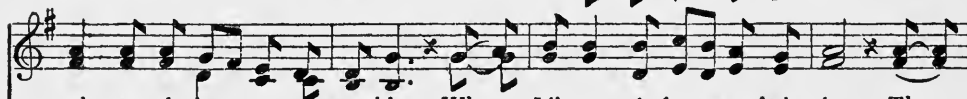
THOMAS A. BECKETT.



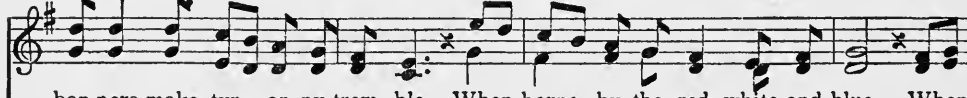
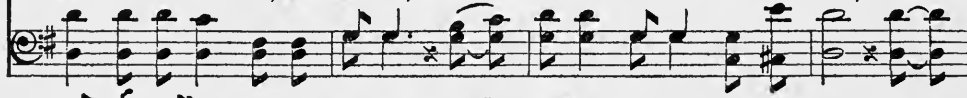
1. Oh, Co-lum-bia, the gem of the o-cean, The home of the brave and the free, The
2. When war wing'd its wide des-o-la-tion, And threatened the land to de-form, The
3. The star-spangled banner bring hither, O'er Co-lumbia's true sons let it wave; May the



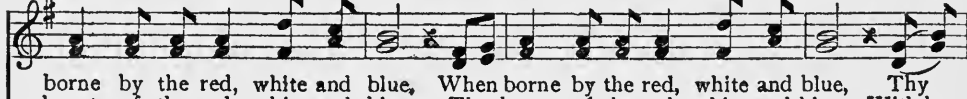
shrine of each pa-triot's de - vo-tion, A world of - fers hom-age to thee. Thy
ark then of freedom's foun-da-tion, Co - lum-bi-a, rode safe thro' the storm: With the
wreaths they have won never with-er, Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave. May the



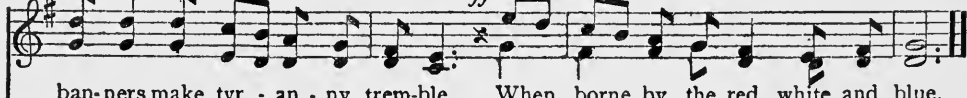
mandates make he - roes as-sem-ble, When Lib-er - ty's form stands in view; Thy
gar-lands of vic - t'ry a-round her, When so proudly she bore her brave crew, With her
ser - vice u - nlt - ed, ne'er sev-er, But hold to their col - ors so true; The



ban-ners make tyr - an - ny trem-ble, When borne by the red, white and blue, When
flag proud-ly float-ing be-fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue, The
ar - my and na - vy for - ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue, Three



borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue, Thy
boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue, With her
cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue, The



ban-ners make tyr - an - ny trem-ble, When borne by the red, white and blue.
flag proud-ly float-ing be-fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue.
ar - my and na - vy for - ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.



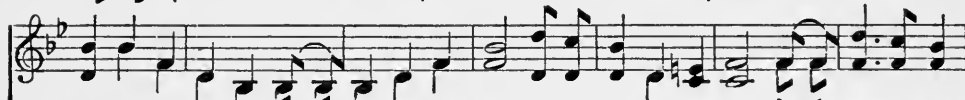
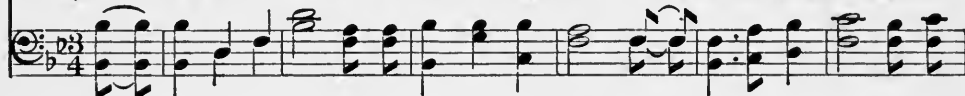
THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY, 1814.

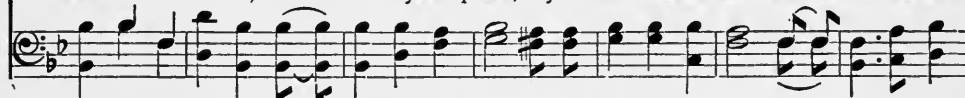
Tune, "Anacreon."



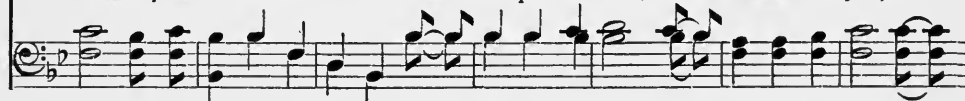
1. Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so proud - ly we hailed at the
2. On the shore dim - ly seen, thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread
3. And where is that band who so vaunt - ing - ly swore, That the hav - oc of war and the
4. Oh, thus be it ev - er when freemen shall stand Be - tween their loved home and wild



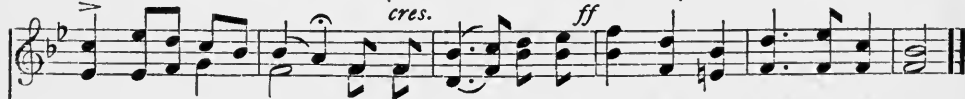
twilight's last gleaming, Whose stripes and bright stars, thro' the per - il - ous fight, O'er the ramparts we
sil - ence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly
bat - tle's con - fu - sion, A home and a country should leave us no more? Their blood has washed
war's des - o - la - tion; Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the heav'n - rescued land Praise the Pow'r that hath



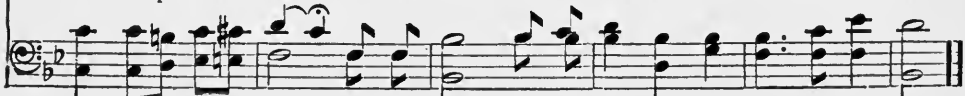
watched, were so gal - lant - ly streaming? And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave
blows, half conceals, half dis - clos - es? Now it catch - es the gleam of the morning's first beam, In full
out their foul footsteps' pol - lu - tion. No ref - uge could save the hireling and slave From the
made and preserved us a na - tion! Then con - quer we must, When our cause it is just, And



proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that star - span - gled
glo - ry re - flect - ed, now shines on the stream: 'Tis the star - span - gled ban - ner; oh,
ter - ror of flight or the gloom of the grave; And the star - span - gled ban - ner in
this be our mot - to: "In God is our trust!" And the star - span - gled ban - ner in



ban - ner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?
long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.
tri - umph doth wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.
tri - umph shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.





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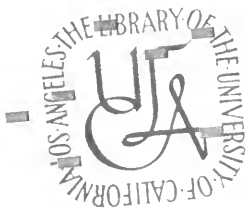
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